

CHINA AND THE SECRET WILL OF PETER THE GREAT
AUGUST 00 Timely Topics Clever Stories Ten Cents

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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LAFAYETTE ODE: PARIS, JULY 4, 1900

I

TO France as to the sister of her soul
Columbia sends this wreath of immortelle,
Green for the grave of her immortal son:
Columbia rears this love-engirdled shaft,
The tribute of her children and a prayer
That never in all the changing after years
Shall night o'ertake the fame of Lafayette.

II

Our fathers' fathers knew him face to face;
They grasped his hand in gladness when he came;
They heard him wise at council in the hall;
They saw him like a lion in the field:
A light heart that was stranger to despair;
A brave heart that was buoyant in the fight;
A true heart that in triumph or defeat
Was steadfast to its purpose as the stars.

III

He did not ask for honors or for gold;
He volunteered to follow, not to lead.
But chivalry was conscious of its kind,
So our great Captain took him to his arms.
And Love has twined the chaplet for his brow.
Where History, cowed and solemn, pens his tale,
Be this the legend writ across the page:
WHEN FREEDOM'S FEET WERE WEARY IN THE WILDS,
HE THRUST HIS SWORD BETWEEN HER AND HER FOES.

IV

Republic to Republic! Under sea,
That bore your standards to us in our need,
Shall rise in mist and wander 'mid the worlds
Ere ever the debt we owe you be forgot—
Ere ever the debt Man owes you be repaid.
Yea, on this day to Freedom consecrate,
We pledge anew beside the Hero's bier
Unflinching faith to that eternal Truth
In whose behalf he made our cause his own,
Beneath whose flag he led our ragged hosts
With Washington from darkness to the day.

V

Come Britain, elder brother of our blood:
Prophetic Slav and German patriot come:
Italia, Hellas, peaks in Time's long range:
Swiss from the heights where Freedom's holy fires,
Through ages of oppression on the plain,
Blazed beacon-like above a struggling world:
Come brown men from th' emancipated isles,
Our kinsmen and co-partners that shall be:
Lovers of men in all the round earth's lands,
Columbia bids you kneel with her this day,
And now, above the dust of Lafayette,
In his white name beseech Almighty God
To quicken in us the spirit that was his—
The son of France and brother of all mankind.

Frank Putnam

This ode was read at the unveiling of the Lafayette statue in Paris, July 4, 1900, and the original was presented to "The National Magazine" at the time it was submitted to the authorities January last, and here published for the first time in any American magazine.



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LAFAYETTE; AMERICA'S GIFT TO FRANCE

At the Exposition at Paris, on July 4, the anniversary of American liberty, to which cause Marquis Jean Paul Lafayette freely tendered his noble devotion and service, occurred the unveiling of a monument erected by the voluntary contributions of American school children, and tendered to the French nation in token of gratitude and loving remembrance of that illustrious patriot. The idea originated with Robert J. Thompson, Secretary of the Lafayette Commission, who carried the project to a successful conclusion with the generous support of America's school children.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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No. 5



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE midsummer exodus had largely removed from Washington the great personalities whose actions and sayings are of national interest; but the condition of affairs in China now parallels closely the official and popular attitude after the destruction of the "Maine." Wu Ting Fang realized that a failure on his part to meet the desires and interests of the ruling powers at Pekin would almost inevitably lead to the utter ruin of himself and of his relations. Death, slavery, at the best unending banishment, to-day menace the courtly, suave, polished gentleman in flowing silk shirts, whose automobile so frequently bears him from his handsome residence on Q street to the state department—the only peaceful link between an ancient race, despising all other races and modes of thought, and a republic, whose people, most of all, believe themselves to be an irresistible exponent of the gospel of things as they ought to be.

Wu's task must soon be ended, for the result of the terrible atrocities, of the complete and utter inability of the Chinese government to keep inviolate the lives of ambassadors and the horror excited by the atrocious

massacre of Chinese converts and their devoted priests, pastors and teachers has evoked an universal popular disbelief in the good faith of the Chinese government and a distrust of the ability of its minister to be more than the mouthpiece of a dominating class which knows practically nothing of humanity, good faith or plain speaking, as we understand them.

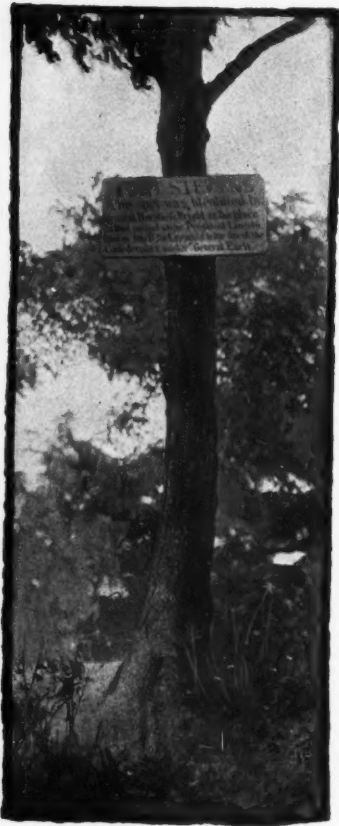
While outwardly placid and serene, it is evident to any one who has seen and talked with Wu Ting Fang that he has realized that a great crisis in the history of the Celestial Empire covers all Asia with impending war.

With it must come famine and pestilence; the breaking of bonds, and distrusts of ancient allies and signatories; the paralysis of commercial ties unbroken for centuries, and the inevitable losses which must come when former enemies meet as allies to essay the conquest of over four hundred millions of people. It is a crisis in civilization not known in a century.

The certainty of an inhuman tragedy at Pekin is fanning a terrible flame—smouldering it is true—but one can almost feel the nervous tension of the American people throbbing the auto-

mobile wheels with the heat-softened asphalt of Washington. Of course, Wu Ting Fang claims that the crimes

SPOT AT FORT STEVENS WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN STOOD



perpetrated, were in no sense the act of his government, but were the unexpected and irrepressible disorders of its fanatical and rebellious subjects. Some one is responsible, and justice demands reparation. The departments are preparing for the worst, and cool heads are needed on hot days in these critical times.

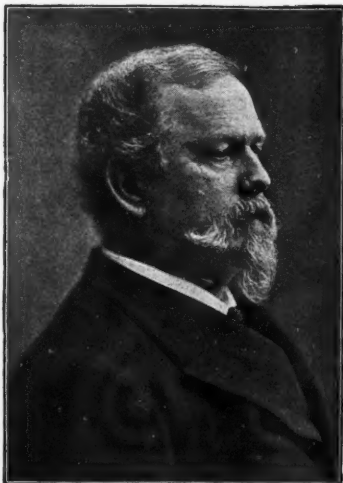
The national party conventions are over. "No other gatherings are

so unique and distinctly American as political conventions," said a well-known diplomatic attache to me recently. "They appear to be largely occasions when serious-minded senators and dignified statesmen take their fill of recreation, and become boys again. What strikes us foreigners as especially funny is the numerous carefully engineered but often unsuccessful attempts to work up 'a boom' or 'popular demand' for some candidate, and the inability of even the most powerful boss to manipulate and control that great force—public opinion—which one can feel, but never quite analyze."

* * *

The first days of a convention when state headquarters are opened, and delegations are arriving with flying banners amid fervid applause, present a strange contrast to its close when the great edifice is deserted, except for disconsolate groups of delegates, whose candidate is stranded on the beach; wildly buzzing swarms of nobodies in the thronged corridors, and

SENATOR HAWLEY OF CONNECTICUT



there a weary-eyed old-time politician who says he had to work all night, to fix this one and that one, and "bring 'em into line."

About two or three suites of rooms, the headquarters of certain candidates and political managers in the saddle, lies the storm center, and these become

that lonesome-looking old fellow on the lounge in the corner, who has been a power in his day, but the page has been turned to another political epoch.

The most promising utterances which leaders have been planning for months, fall flat failing to evoke that spontaneous outburst of deep and abiding sentiment in popular thought

THE INTERPRETER OF THE CHINESE LEGATION AND HIS AMERICAN WIFE



congresses of gossip and intrigue. What this and that one says is carried lip to lip and through walls and doors quicker than any electric wire could transmit it. Old political ledgers are brought out to settle the scores. Coterie of men closeted in this or that room are supposed to have things fixed and settled, but they are watching and feeling that subtle and powerful force of public opinion, which comes and goes like the mysterious wind. The man who is the cynosure of all eyes and ears to-day may to-morrow be like

which has a way of crystalizing itself. Apprenticeship at national conventions has been served by nearly all prominent statesmen. In a few days of this centralized emotion, alliances are formed that have an important bearing on the future of statesmen; for strange as it may seem, political honor and pledges are more sacred with many of these men than a business obligation.

The new Turkish minister has established his harem and now Washing-

MRS. JONES, THE ONLY WOMAN ALTERNATE
TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



ton is more than ever distinctly cosmopolitan. He is in touch with current affairs, is an admirer of American ways and has fallen a victim to the fascinations of baseball and golf. His son, born July 4th, he says will remain an American citizen.

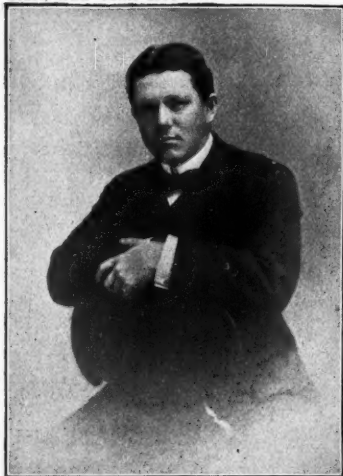
Hon. Frank H. Jones of New Hampshire, one of the most prominent New England Democrats, is among those who have been won to the Republican standard largely through personal admiration of the record made by President McKinley. He was a prominent figure at the Philadelphia convention, and when he said to me in the lobby of Hotel Walton, "I would

walk all the way to Washington on my hands and knees to vote for William McKinley," there was an air of sincere enthusiasm in his words.

The numerous state delegations en route conventionward the past month, reminds me of one occasion when those who followed the fortune and flag of Tammany were on a western trip. When the trains, all gayly bedecked, arrived at Union City, Ind., on the Ohio line, a short stop was made. Swung over the track, in letters two feet long, was a huge banner, with the inscription, "Give us Gray, and We'll Give You the State." Judge Diffendoffer, well known for having secured divorces for a score of actresses, stepped to one of the platforms, thinking to have fun with the proverbial small boy who puts in an appearance on the arrival of every train. So he shouted, "Hi there, Johnny, who's Gray?" The kid eyed him a second and responded, "Why Gray; he's an old duffer just like you." Diffendoffer dipped.

When Senator-elect Blackburn was

REPRESENTATIVE GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, 10TH
DIST., NEW YORK CITY



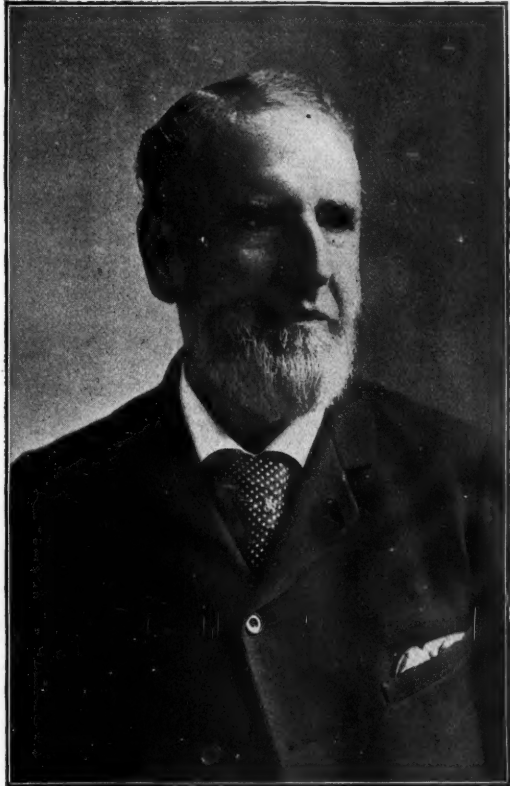
transferred from the House of Representatives to another field of usefulness in the Senate chamber, his credentials testified that J. C. S. Blackburn had been elected a senator, and were signed by Luke W. Blackburn as governor and attested by James Blackburn as secretary of state. "Joe," as he is familiarly known, is reported to have remarked that it was pretty hard to beat a combination like that. At this writing numerous sets of credentials for that eminent gentleman repose in the pigeon holes of the Senate, each in a more or less unfinished state, owing to the gubernatorial chaos in Kentucky the past winter.

Speaking of Kentuckians, the distinguished young congressman, Evan E. Settle, is an orator of no mean ability. I do not know whether that speech nominating Senator Beck—a gem, by the way—ever appeared in print. The historic state house was crowded to overflowing, for giants had locked horns in the contest, when young Settle moved down the center aisle with "When the eagle soars aloft the owls and bats do seek their hiding places." This was throwing down the gauntlet with a vengeance. Then he continued, "When James B. Beck shall have declined to serve his state and nation, it will be time to cast about for a fitting substitute, but Ulysses hath not gone upon his wanderings; Ulysses yet remains to us, and will again draw in person his own matchless bow."

The flower of old-time southern oratory still blooms.

It is interesting to know how the various prominent senators and public men are spending the summer at the one time that they hope to escape the glare of publicity, and follow the in-

HON. FRANK H. JONES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



clinations of their natures, for it is difficult to discover one of them without a summer hobby. To witness a senator pulling parsley in a garden, and a congressman experimenting in kite-flying is an interesting spectacle, and an article next month on how public men spend their summer holi-

days will be of interest, for it is on these fallowing days of recreation that

SEN. HOAR, MASS.



purposes and policies.

The elections this fall will have an effect upon the personnel of the census rolls and social activities in Washington for the next four years. The daughters and wives of those in power at Washington are more vital and potential factors in national affairs than is often realized. Momentous changes in party policy have been influenced more strongly through the domestic and home life of the American statesman than is ever known to the public. And the prediction was given confidentially by one of the official society leaders recently that Washington would have the brightest, handsomest and gayest social set the coming winter ever known, and he did not tell me his politics, either.

Speaking of the veterans who have been in Congress, Galusha Grow is perhaps one of the most picturesque figures who has enlisted in the coming campaign. Approaching four score years, he is a man of intense

the strength and resources of the statesman is clearest apparent, for no matter what he may be doing or where he may be, the apparently idle days of summer are fruitful in incubating great

SEN. ALLISON, IOWA



vigor and push. The Connecticut lad who went to Pennsylvania has served in the ranks of the Republican party since its birth and was speaker of the House during the dark days from '61-'63. His speech fifty years ago, when the youngest member of Congress, on the homestead bill has been re-printed in the "Congressional Record."

• • •

The sons of prominent Americans seem to be determined on proving their metal. The son of General Geo. B. McClellan is one of the young, active and energetic members of Congress, who is now engrossed in a campaign for re-election from the tenth district in New York. He was born in Dresden, Germany, and his political career has well sustained the noble name he bears. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Phil Sheridan, Jr. and John A. Logan, Jr. promise that the names of the leaders of the Civil War will be handed down to future generations.

SEN. DAVIS, MINN.



oldest living ex-senator, and there were some mighty interesting times when he was here. Let me see! He only lacks two summers of being 100 years old, and his memory and political activity extend well

An elderly gentleman who sat beside me in one of the parks, as the avenue asphalt pavements sizzled and baked, asked me if I knew Ex-Senator Bradbury of Maine. "Do you know he is the

SEN. TILLMAN, S. C.



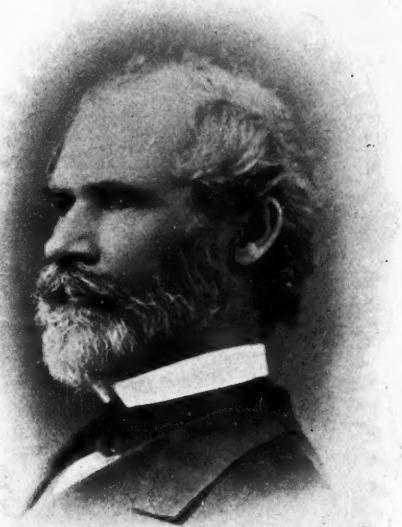
back to the time of Andrew Jackson. Yes, he was an active man, a forerunner of the great strong men in Congress which the pine tree state has furnished. I understand he is now living at Augusta, Maine, and still takes a keen interest in current political affairs." Later, I secured a photograph of Ex-Senator Bradbury from Maine, and it shows him a wonderfully preserved man, 98 years of age.

North of Washington, where the beautiful Fourteenth street road intersects Brightwood avenue, or the old South street pike, is what remains of Fort Stevens. The only battle of the Civil War fought in the District of Columbia occurred in this charming sylvan retreat, and a disk marks the spot where President Lincoln stood under the fire of Confederate bullets.

In June, 1864, General Jubal A. Early, of the Confederate army, then at Cold Harbor, was directed by Gen Lee to move to the Shenandoah Valley and from there to Washington. General Early arrived from the north on the 11th of July, 1864, and expected to get into the city of Washington by the Seventh street Pike, and it is said he would have succeeded if he had come right on and had not been frightened at the array of earthworks north of the city. He expected to march into Washington with his army of 8,000 before these fortifications could be manned, and was preparing an attack on Fort Stevens, when the vanguard of General Wright's Sixth Corps arrived. Washington was all in a flurry. Department clerks and printers from the Government Printing Office shouldered muskets and rushed to the front. Then came the Sixth Corps of the Army, and General Early retreated and the nation's

capital was saved. If General Early had known on his arrival that the works were garrisoned by only 9,600 raw recruits, he might have marched into the city with banners flying, but he had later explained: "I had, therefore, reluctantly to give up all hopes of capturing Washington after I had arrived in sight of the dome of

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA



the Capitol and given the Federal authorities a terrible fright."

During the engagement at Fort Stevens, President Lincoln stood upon a parapet of the fort under direct fire from Early's troops and viewed in person one of the most critical battles of the Civil War.

There was a sparkle of humor that tempered the farewells said to Mrs. Lieut. Peary at the Washington railway stations this month. The day

FORT STEVENS IN 1864



was exceedingly warm, and with luggage including wraps for a trip to join her husband at Etah, Greenland, she facetiously remarked: "I am speeding

intrepid exploration of the North Pole resorts.

The White House is again the centre of activity since the President returned, and one is reminded of the scenes and incidents of the Spanish War during the summer of '98. The war room is the thermometer of events, and is usually entered by the President just before retiring.

FORT STEVENS IN 1900

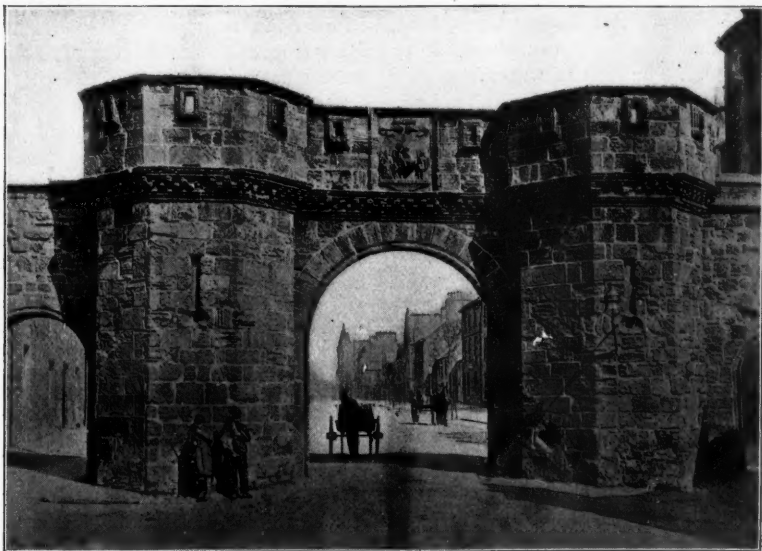


north for a real summer outing." Her seven year old daughter Marie, who was born in Greenland, will make her first return trip to her native land. Lieut. Peary expects to meet them, but nothing has been heard from him for some time, as to the success of his last expedition. Mrs. Peary sails from Sydney, Cape Breton, and the Peary family will summer in the Arctic circle, and continue the fearless and

JAMES WARE BRADBURY, AGED 98, THE OLDEST LIVING EX-SENATOR



WEST PORT, ST. ANDREW'S. THROUGH HERE THE DARING SPIRITS RODE TO TAKE THE CITY,
AFTER THE KILLING OF ARCHBISHOP SHAIRP ON MAGUS MOOR



AT ST. ANDREWS: THE CAPITAL OF GOLFLAND

By David Duncan Fletcher

THAT the prosperity of one of the most beautiful little cities in the world should rest on the popularity of an out-of-door sport is, indeed, one of the surprising developments of this wonderful century. For when one writes of golf and St. Andrews, one couples two terms which are almost, it might be said, absolutely inseparable. If St. Andrews would still be St. Andrews without golf, certainly it would not be the same St. Andrews. It would have its university, which long ago sent its fame to the ends of the earth, but who can tell whether or not that noted rendezvous for the

young seeker after all that is best in solid learning could have kept its place at the front in these times when money magnates are making themselves records by endowing great seats of education which are able to throw so many inducements to the modern student—who can tell whether or not "graund auld St. Andrews," as Carlyle loved to call the ancient city, could have kept up its envied academic prosperity and reputation, but for the financial support mainly drawn towards itself by the magic of its name as that of the Mecca of the golfer—the capital of Golfland?

Under the sway of the snake-head and the bulger, the brassey, the cleek, the mashie, the niblick and the putter, great men, to whom the sway of the Frenchman's sword or the ultimatum of a czar were but passing jokes, have come and cowered, and slunk away undone. The eye of a caddie has shattered the nerves and paralyzed the arms of gentlemen who could with perfect complacency dig a king, or something of that kind, once in a while, in the ribs. But when the great statesman or the victorious general wends his way St. Andrewsward, he primes himself for good behavior, and once in his life makes up his mind to obey a product of common humanity.

To chronicle the names of famous men who have come from far and near to play the "royal and ancient game" on its native heath, would be an endless task. It has been said that John Knox took his clubs "in hand" ever and anon, and matched himself against such stalwarts as the Balfours of Bursleigh and the young and sturdy scions

"putt" his oratorical shots against her most gracious majesty Queen Mary and her Franco-Scottish court.

You will find a caddie, now and again, who goes in for a little history in his noon hour, who will claim that King Robert the Bruce played "gouf." Better not contradict him, if you go to St. Andrews, for when the caddie makes a statement, no more ought to be said by the wise.

But there is no doubt that the late Prince Leopold played on the St. Andrews course, and that Palmerston and Aberdeen and Panmure and Dalhousie, and in later days, the talented and beloved Mount-Melville, Sir Lyon Playfair (who married a Boston lady, and spent many of his summers at the Hub), the Marquis of Salisbury (when he was Lord Cecil) and his nephew and lieutenant in affairs of the state, the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour have gone the five miles or so between the old club-house hard by the Witches' lake and the Martyrs' monument out to the river Eden and return, which is the

"A BUNKER AS IS A BUNKER." THE BEAUTIES OF "THE AULD TOON" SEEN FROM THIS SPOT DO NOT SOOTHE THE FEELINGS OF "THE GOUFER" WHOSE BALL GETS INTO "HELL"

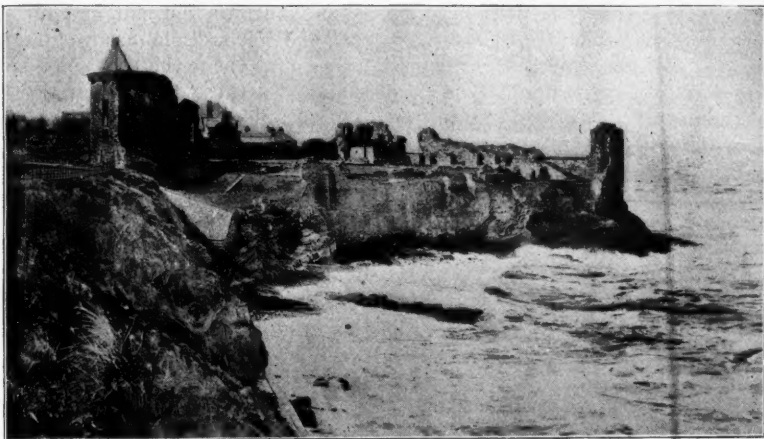


of the house of Leslie, but the traditions do not say whether or not the old reformer succeeded as well in "putting" on the green, as when he

distance to be traversed in doing the eighteen holes at St. Andrews.

A St. Andrews caddie once had the Marquis of Salisbury under his watch-

RUINS OF ST. ANDREWS CASTLE, WHENCE KNOX WENT TO THE GALLEYS, AND WHERE CARDINAL BEATON WAS SLAIN



ful care. The veteran statesman braced himself to "the address," swung his club backwards over his right shoulder, tried to "keep his eye on the ball," and then making a vigorous drive, brought his club-head against something, a cloud of dust meantime flying in the air, nearly choking and blinding the chief of the foreign office, as well as his club-carrier.

"What have I struck?" asked the Marquis, leaning over his driver with a timid, apologetic expression on his face.

"Scotland, my lord," said the caddie, with a countenance the immobility of which would have paralyzed a Boer, and with a gaze so stony, that the head of the great Cecil family fairly quailed. It was then that the Earl of Beaconsfield's lieutenant found out the difference between penning a remonstrance to the "Porte" and coming under the stern vision of a "gouf caddie frae St. Andrews." The Marquis did a little better in his playing later, when the caddie generously ventured a compliment, "Ye're daein' gie weel,

but ye maun begin playin' gouf when ye're a laddie."

Numerous stories could be told of the caddie, his doings and sayings on the links of the ancient and royal city, but one more must suffice. An auld minister who was a "duffer" at the game did the course one day, and the caddie returned without him. Halfway home on the inward turn there is a deep gully, "a hazard as is a hazard," or rather which makes a series of the same, and which in the fraternity goes under the name of "hell." "Where is the minister?" the parson's friends asked, as the caddie solemnly sauntered on to the last green. "I left him doon in hell, swearing maist awfu'," was the answer.

So much for the caddie, who is a genuine product of "gouf" and St. Andrews.

It is not stretching the point to say that a holiday spent on and by the links at St. Andrews is worth making a huge effort to experience. When you go to St. Andrews you need have no fear of a time-limit, so far as "working hours" are concerned. Well

up in the northern latitude, the light will be with you in this gray city by the sea very early in the morning. In the summer mornings at 3 o'clock you can stand on the club-house terrace and see the red and white flags which mark the course, away out toward the Eden, and you will be able to watch the balls flying till the clock on the old tower strikes the hour of 10 p. m. Perhaps you will not find the veteran king of golfers, old Tom Morris, who is now in his 79th year, at his post just as early as the first named hour, but for all that you will have divers de-

midable bunker. It will be etiquette for you to replace the turf you raise when you miss the ball and hit the soil; and if you "sole" your club you must count one to the bad. You must always do these things on the St. Andrews links.

But you will breathe the spirit of the game from the sharp, clear northern air, and the scenic beauties of your environment. Stretching out before you a gleaming sheet of golden sand lies sparkling in the dazzling light of the morning sun, save where the shadow of the hilly sand banks rests on

THE FINISH. PUTTING FOR THE LAST HOLE



votes of the game for company, and if, with your first drive you land a ball in the waters of the Swilcan burn, five-eighths of the way down to the first hole, you will perhaps be abler to keep cool in the attempt to get it again on to terra firma.

And you will find it different playing golf on the links there from going over a home-made course in America. If you drive too low you will hear the sharp long swish of your ball going through the tall "bent-grass," which grows in the sandy soil around the for-

the higher margin of the shore. West ward, the hills of Fifeshire stand out, a series of slopes of verdant green with dark woody crests here and there interspersed with barren rocky crags, frowning above the villages on the hillsides and in the valleys. The sun glinting on an inland loch, throws a glorious beam of light from the rippling water, and the spire of a country church rises from among the brown tiled-covered roofs of an inland village.

Far as the eye can reach away across the deep blue bay the tall white column

of the Bell Rock light rises high in the air. The wild sea-gulls are on the wing, here and there a flock of sheep are feeding in the sea girt pastures, the salmon fishers are already at their nets, and yonder in the distance, just beyond the margin of the water, lies the last timbers of some ill-fated vessel embedded in the sand.

As it is the oldest, so also is the golf course at St. Andrews the finest in the world. This does not mean that it is the easiest. If the reader will look at

the real enjoyment and correct playing of golf. "It is a cushioned turf," he said, "of which you can take a yard away with your club, and not know you've touched it." The moment you lift the turf on the St. Andrews links you have sand. The course is one which is a delight to players like J. H. Taylor, who has just won the championship, Harry and Tom Vardon, Willie Auchterlonie, Willie Campbell, Tom Simpson, Leslie Balfour-Melville, Bernard Nicholls, Willie Fernie, Willie

THE KING OF GOLFLAND. TOM MORRIS AT THE FIRST GREEN



the bunker in the illustration he will have some idea of what it means to deserve "punishment" when playing on the old links. On his left again, he has as bad a pitfall in the railroad track, but if he plays "good gouf," and keeps within a reasonably straight line, he has ideal ground in which to indulge in the "greatest game on earth." Talking with the writer about the St. Andrews course, Bernard Nicholls, the only man who defeated Harry Vardon in America, said the turf on the old links was the very best he knew for

Park, Harry McCormick, Alex. Gourlay, Willie Fletcher and others who know just what a good golf course should be to insure a fair game with the proper proportion of hazard for zest and the demonstration of skill.

On the St. Andrews links, Mr. F. G. Tait once drove a ball 280 yards of "clear carry," that is, leaving the distance the ball rolled after lighting on the ground out of the count. The length of the entire course on the royal and ancient links is some yards over 6300, and when one has

zig-zagged, more or less, over that distance, a good morning's work may be put to one's credit.

Golf is played now-a-days more for records than for show, and the plain tweed suit consisting of Oxford jacket, loose at the shoulders, knickerbockers, with home-knit woolen stockings, is most in evidence, but ten years ago and back none of the *bouton* ever thought of going on the links without the gay red coat made from the richest flannel. The old St. Andrews golf club was a body to inspire awe and command admiration.

It was made up of men who had won fame in all the walks of life. Great

peaceful finish to their days than that of wielding the driver, the cleek, and the other members of the club family on pleasant days, and on others of going down to the house of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to talk the game first, and the other doings of the world afterwards. Of course, we are talking now of the glorious summer time, and glorious it truly is, for, speaking as a rule, the pleasant days from April to September in the University city are many and delightful.

No prettier sight can be seen than the St. Andrews links on a gala golf day. These fine old gentlemen in their dashing scarlet going in again

ST. ANDREWS. FIRST STRETCH OF THE OLD LINKS. MANY OF THE GREATEST MEN OF THE CENTURY HAVE PLAYED "GOLF" FIRST OVER THIS BIT OF TURF



captains who had led Britain's armies against Napoleon, and through the Crimea, and the mutiny, thought it a fitting finish to a brilliant career to spend their last days in and around the famous old ecclesiastical capital of their loved native land, and to tickle their fancy by making a record score on the links, or to keep trying it. Poor boys, who, half a century or so before, had left the humble cottage of a ploughman-sire to seek name and wealth in London town, and had found both in commerce, art, science, medicine, and in all the other professions, have come back to Scotland, and never thought of a happier or more

for the game they played with skill when laddies, long, long ago, drinking in again the healthful air of the Fife coast, the strong summer wind putting back the color on their cheeks, the waving grass bending under the breeze by the crests of the bunker ranges over yonder by the shore, a white sail here and there dancing across the broad blue bay, the gaily dressed ladies and the hosts of merry children dotting the immense stretch of beautiful sands. Heigh-ho! there is life in the wind, there's music in the sea-song, there's freedom o'er the big expanse of green on which we go driving the white balls before us!

AT THREE THOUSAND YARDS

By Charles Tenney Jackson

"HELLO, there, sweetness! What town's this? Give us a flower, won't you? Hi there, Purdy, get it!"

The car windows were full of brown faces, dusty hats and gesticulating arms in an endeavor to reach the coveted blossom that the girl with a laugh held out. But the bit of color fell short and the volunteers set up a renewed clamor.

"Come and get it yourselves," she said.

A scuffle at the door and then a man in wrinkled khaki, gun in hand, leaped down and secured the flower. There was a look of genuine pleasure on his dirty face as he fastened it to his hat and looked at the girl on the platform.

"Say, ain't you great, though? First decent looking girl we've seen since we struck the Presidio. Now give me a kiss, won't you?"

But when he advanced, Kittie, the dining-room girl at Cowan's, fled around the station and the volunteer followed in hot pursuit.

There was an approving roar of derision from the rear coaches, and the long train started slowly from the platform. Purdy from his triumphant chase raced laughingly back and made a dash for the last platform.

"Yer gun, yer gun, ye idjit!" roared a burly sergeant from the door, and the luckless soldier darted back to where Kitty was waving it in gleeful malice. Then Purdy seized the weapon and ran for the flying train, but his foot caught a tie spike and he went headfirst into the dry sagebush by the track and arose to gaze in discomfiture

at the rolling dust that hid the retreating coaches, and then at Kitty, the girl from Cowan's.

"You've done it," he began ruefully, "they won't stop. How'll I ever catch up with 'em again?"

"I don't know," she replied blankly, and then laughed. "It wasn't my fault. What'd you chase me for?"

The man in dusty khaki grinned. "I don't know. What'd you run for? I was foolin', I wouldn't hurt you."

They walked back to the platform. At Cowan's there is the station and dining-room attached, two saloons, four houses and the sheep corral. The brown-faced man felt a bit disconsolate; the girl from Cowan's rather pleased.

"You can't get away until 9.40 tomorrow," she said with frank amusement, "but you can put up over there at the hotel."

"Yes, and catch it from all of 'em from the captain down," he prognosticated dismally. "All night in this God-forsaken place! How'd you ever stand it?" he added, gazing down upon her. The girl from Cowan's was fair to look upon. He was puzzled to place her among such surroundings.

"Oh, it ain't bad," she assured him. "More people 'round here than you think, and—coyotes. We're pretty civilized."

Then the girl from Cowan's and the brown-faced man from Luzon fell to talking of many things as they sat outside of the dining hall—of the campaigning in the far-off East; of life at Cowan's; of days in roaring 'Frisco and of his home among the green

Pennsylvania hills and the welcome there.

"They'll be glad to see you, won't they, the folks and all," she said, "and there's a girl waiting for you of course?"

The man from the war smiled and touched the stock of his rifle. "No, not exactly, but I guess"—his fingers were on a little silver locket tied in the trigger guard, "I guess—well, yes, she gave me this and—I guess."

The girl had opened the locket with simple curiosity. "Ain't she pretty and sweet! Now tell me all about her."

"Well, she gave me this and—well, she's about like you." Then they both laughed and looked at the smiling face in the locket.

. . .

There was a tall young rancher in sombrero and faded denims loitering at the other end of the platform, who cast curious glances at the two, and at length seemed uneasily conscious of their apparent intimacy. Once the girl ran past him to the dining-room in response to a call, where preparations were on for supper. When she returned she carried the soldier's silver locket on her wrist. The rancher caught her arm.

"Look here, Kitty, who's that feller? What's that on y'r arm?"

"Oh he's an old beau of mine, Hank. I'm just going to give him this for keeps," she teased, "I haven't time for you now."

"I never saw that locket afore," he said, and there was miserable, uncertain jealousy in the voice. "Look here, Kitty, I come all the way down from Sweetwater to see ye to-night, but if—"

Kitty laughed him short. It was fun to see Hank in this mood—a novelty for the girl at Cowan's.

"Well, he's going to be my fellow to-night. He's a soldier."

"A soldier? Kitty, ye didn't make him stay here a-purpose?" he queried, but she laughed and slipped around the fountain. Then in the soul of Hank Getts of Sweetwater county there arose a rage of pride and passion. Hank's rivals had been few and his courting in other fields limited. So now he faded into the dusk of the poplars unseen but seeing.

The girl from Cowan's was tying the locket once more to the blue guard of the gun. "See! I tied it with a new ribbon! I hope," she added softly, "you'll always love her and be good to her. You look like you would be. Now goodbye, I'm going to work."

But Purdy, the volunteer, caught her hand. "Sure!" he said, "but what have you got for me; a flower, perhaps, or—a kiss? To give to her?"

Kitty, the girl from Cowan's, tried to break away. Then with a laugh she tiptoed up and kissed his lips. "Alright, for her!" and then she darted into the hall, for the Pacific express with its trainful of dusty, west-bound passengers, who nightly filled the place with mirth and laughter would be in shortly—a twenty minute glimpse of the great outside world beyond the everlasting hills, vouchsafed to Cowan's.

. . .

"Thirty-thirty's too little. What good's it at that range, anyhow?" said Hank Getts of Sweetwater county.

"She's big enough to kill at two miles—she'll carry up to 3000 yards, and you nor no other man wants to face her at less," responded the volunteer in wrinkled khaki, while his fingers played lightly with a bit of ribbon and a locket on the trigger guard of his rifle.

"A girl, I reckon," said Hank Getts

with easy unconcern, to keep the conversation up. "Back East?"

"Yes, in Pennsylvania. Gave me this last year in camp; picture inside, y'see." And Purdy laughed, happily foolish in his content.

"Got folks there myself—somewheres. Ain't I, Jim?" said Hank Getts with unsteady gravity to Burke & Allen's man, and the shirt-sleeved bar-keeper nodded. "Home outfit there, somewheres. How far 'll she carry?"

"Who? The gun? Oh, she's good at three thousand—ain't a better. Why, there near Morong we waded the rice swamps and chased the niggers—and they had as pretty a skirmish line as ever you see—whackin' it to 'em bad, and it wasn't

a yard less than two thousand! Talk about your Colt or Winchester—"

"Thirty-thirty's too little," said Hank Getts. "Stranger, older mēn'n you've handled wors'n better guns'n these parts. Thirty-thirty's too little."

"Well, you talk's though you knew it all, but as a matter of shootin' the Krag's a better gun'n any cow puncher ever put shoulder to. High power, smokeless an' steel jacket ball—why your gun can't—"

"Too slow, stranger, yer gove'ment gun's too slow for general purp'ses, leastways in Nevada. I c'n handle th' Winchester, magazine'n all, while ye were throwin' one shell with that side bolt machine o' yours."

"And shoot half as far," cried Purdy angrily. "Your little .73 model with .45-70—why you're talkin' nonsense—"

"Ye seem to be mighty sure o' th' gove'ment gun, stranger; who learned ye to shoot anyhow; the West Point dudes?"

"We didn't get instructors from this sand and alkali section to teach us,"

retorted the soldier.

"Look, here, boys," said Burke & Allen's man, "now, no racket in here; now, for God's sake hush! What yer drinkin'?"

The volunteer shook off the restraining arm.

"What'd I care? Who started this

here argument? I don't see any man here c'n show me how to use a gun. You ain't done nothin' but talk's far's I can see."

Hank Getts was leaning heavily over the bar and nonchalantly flipped a fingerful of liquor into the face of the man from Luzon. Quick as a panther the soldier struck him above the ear and he reeled back over a table while the occupants of the room instinctively scattered. But Burke & Allen's man had his right arm around the cattleman's waist while he shoved the soldier away with the other.

"Now quit, boys," he gasped. "Let up, both of you, or go outside."

The cattleman was attempting to rise. "Oh, I ain't hurt, he said with a foolish laugh. "You fellers drinkin'.



"I s'pose? All of you—sure! That's right!"

The half dozen glasses were put down in silence, the soldier's first of all, and he turned away. Hank Getts stared through the windows at the dining room lights at Cowan's. Then he sauntered up to the Pennsylvanian.

"As a matter o' guns, stranger," he said quietly, "layin' other matters aside, there ain't a better way than to let 'em decide—.30 agin the .45, any range an' no rest barred; target what ye please. How'd ye say out there west o' King's range to-morrow mornin'?"

"Just's you say," replied the soldier coolly. "Any range and target—I'm not carin'."

Hank Getts laughed. "Oh well, we'll fix that up I guess on the grounds! All right. At five o'clock, what'd ye say? The valley west o' King's. You'll find it down the track a half mile an' turn to yer left. So long, stranger."

. . .

The round outlines of the dirt hills to the east were rimmed with the pale blush of dawn; the shadows lay long across the gray plain of sagebush and low cactus with the dark clumps of greasewood, that spread away to the low canon wall to the west. There was a deep hollow silence over all; the eternal changeless silence of a savage land. By a ledge of yellow rock on the hill slope the man in wrinkled khaki watched a dust-cloud rise below him and a horseman ride from it and climb the rough ascent until he drew rein before him on the level ground. The cattleman nodded a brief greeting, and the soldier barely returned the civility. He was tired, red-eyed and cold with the chill of the desert, and listened to the horseman with savage moroseness.

"Between us, stranger," said the latter, with irritating calmness and deliberation, "it's a matter o' eye and trigger; between guns a matter o' metal and powder, and we both know our own ability enough to call the deal square. Ye struck me last night an' I might, afore God, killed ye for it, but there was somethin' I remembered. The locket on yer gun; where'd ye git it?"

"Locket on my gun?" said the Pennsylvanian with wonder. "Why that's my business, I reckon."

"Let's see whose picture's in it; yer sweetheart's maybe?"

"Well, suppose it is; what's that to you?"

"Nothin', just nothin'—as I was sayin', a matter o' guns I reckon. We came up here ter shoot, didn't we?"

"Yes, that was your proposition; and I'll give you range and mark as I've got the longest shootin' gun."

"Yer good at 3,000, ye say. Well then, 3,000 across to the mesa, there; a good two miles anyway. F'r target y'r to shoot at me an' choose y'r distance after we fix th' first range."

The soldier stared at him and slowly his face showed the drift of his thoughts. "You mean to fight, then? Out here in this God-forsaken place—and now? Is that what you were planning?"

"Ye've called th' turn, pard, that's it. Gove'ment gun agin th' Winchester; man agin man; yer own time an' manner—3000 yards across open field; all th' shots ye want an' advance under cover—reg'ler skirmish run, so's ye'll feel perfectly to home."

The man from Pennsylvania stood erect and looked over the dull plain to the grim foothills with the gray carpet of sagebush intervening; here and there a boulder or an alkali rimmed sink hole, baked and arid; then above at the half world apink with the glory

of the morning, and at a rosy peak dim against the south. He looked at the other man—young and slender, with a dark, earnest face as unreadable as the Nevada hills.

"Look here," he said slowly, "can't we fix this up some way? I don't hold no hard feelin's, and if a word of mine will square things, why—" Then Purdy stopped, for there was growing a smile in the other's face that men do not question twice.

"Stranger," said the rancher, "Yer gun's good at 3000—mine isn't. I'll ride over there, and we'll face each other for one shot; then, if ye want to slip back to town, why—there's nothing to prevent ye."

The smile was still on Hank Getts' face, and for an instant the eyes of the two men met squarely and each understood.

"Well, Hell!" said Purdy, the volunteer, "It's all in the game! The man on this side'll have the sun behind him; you can stay here."

"Keep it y'rself; I'll ride to th' mesa. Stranger, watch y'r sights. Yer in Nevada, an' th' air an' distance'll fool ye at any range. Raise yer sights, an' remember each man to shoot an' advance to suit himself, an' use all the cover he wants; each man takin' all the chansts at 3000 an' up 'til we meet somewheres in th' bush—no fault ner favor. Remember, keeps y'r sights raised."

"Thanks!"

"No kindness; just a square deal," said Hank Getts, and he turned the horse's head away. "Stranger, th' cayuse'll be tied close to that red butte across there—ther'll be only one man to go back to town, an' he c'n just as well ride!"

And as he turned down the slope the rancher cowered in the saddle, "Yer sights; keep 'em raised, stranger, if ye love that girl—in Pennsylvany!"

The soldier pulled his campaign hat down over his eyes and watched the semicircle of dust rise below him which marked the route of his foe across the battlefield until it was lost against the opposite hills. Then he saw the figure of a man suddenly defined against the sky with magical clearness; it seems barely a quarter of a mile away through the high, dry



" . . . And still another that swept his hat from his head"

air that brought every feature of the landscape out in sharp relief. The sky behind the soldier was aflame with pink and yellow. The silence oppressed him, and he watched the distant figure stupidly until he saw a white puff of smoke flying from the hill—the signal that the time for action had come.

"He's done it!" muttered the soldier, and he hurried down from the rocks and knelt behind the greasewood bushes, opening the breech of the rifle to see that the six slim cartridges were in place. He raised the sights to 2000 yards and tested them against the rosy east.

"I'll start with that," he thought, "it can't be further—much!"

A strange fever of fighting was surging in his brain. Until now he had not regarded the man seeking his life across the valley with any deep hostility. But now the fire of the fighting line arose in his blood, the ardor of the old campaigns—of days in the hot trenches in sweat and discomfort—the danger that youth seeks out and revels in. He forgot the shivering, breakfastless discomfort of waiting for Hank Getts upon the rocks. Hank Getts—alertly earnest, relentless and keen-eyed, was crawling among the greasewood out yonder, stalking him like an antelope, and Hank Getts was legitimate prey! He was thinking buoyantly of the blue barrelled rifle across his knee; of the surprise in store for Hank Getts in those steel-capped little bullets, good at 3000 yards—that would crash through a half inch of solid iron—against the cattleman's heavy .45 bullets of soft lead. "Don't look right, but Hell! He got up the scrap, I didn't!" he was saying. The silence became uncomfortable. The man in dusty khaki crawled slowly on through the scrub and arose in the shelter of a thicker bush to glance ahead. The colorless plain was as silent as the grave, and his sharpest scrutiny could detect nothing but dry, low bush and cracked ground. He crawled on a hundred yards or more at an angle from his former place.

"It's him that needs to close up, and not me," he muttered, and stopped to survey the field again. Off to the right he could see an object that did not look like a boulder, darkly outlined against the sand and all but hidden by the cactus. He became alertly conscious of something like buck fever, and lowering the range to 1000 yards he pushed cautiously ahead until he could draw steadily upon the spot, and fired. The thin smoke faded

instantly over him, and a spurt of dust arose many hundred feet this side of the mark.

"The rancher's right," he said, with a curious sense of gratitude; "the air and elevation fooled me!" He watched the object keenly for a sign of life, and then there came pitilessly crashing through the greasewood a swift-voiced bullet above his head. As he half rose to throw himself to one side he saw the drifting smoke off to his left and another sharp explosion. The second ball was singing far behind him as Purdy scrambled on from cover to cover, to lay panting before a low thicket and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Holy smoke, its gettin' close! He's found the range dead with that noisy little gun!" he said, after peering through the bushes to mark the place where his concealed foe lay. "How'd he spot me so quick?"

The soldier crawled on slowly, warily keeping an eye on every opening between the clumps of greasewood and over the cactus; stopping to still his breathing and bring his gun up to his arm. The sun was coming down stinging hot on his back and he noted with surprise how high it had arisen. The sandflies danced irritatingly before his eyes and struck the dry bushes so that little spirals of dust arose from them with the sunbeams glinting through. A little yellow rock adder trailed over the greasewood stems by his head and looked at him with cool, beady, inquiring eyes. He once more crawled onward, noting with pleasure how his canvas dress blended with the desert soil. There was something uncannily different in this from a battle. His vision met a small circle of brown brush around him with the shadow-flecked sunlight falling through. The sun itself, in the coppery sky, seemed to search him out with scorching malvolence; he was

wishing all that brightness would not discover him. His surroundings were alive with vantage for the enemy, it appeared. Above the greasewood the hot hills seemed to beckon him on to death; striving to fix his attention with a fatal fascination. He pictured the cattleman creeping towards him with his eyes relentlessly fixed upon him; coolly calculating when and where he would end the game, and fiendishly gloating over his breathless, unstrung victim. Hank Getts became invested with demoniac qualities of vision, power and cruelty.

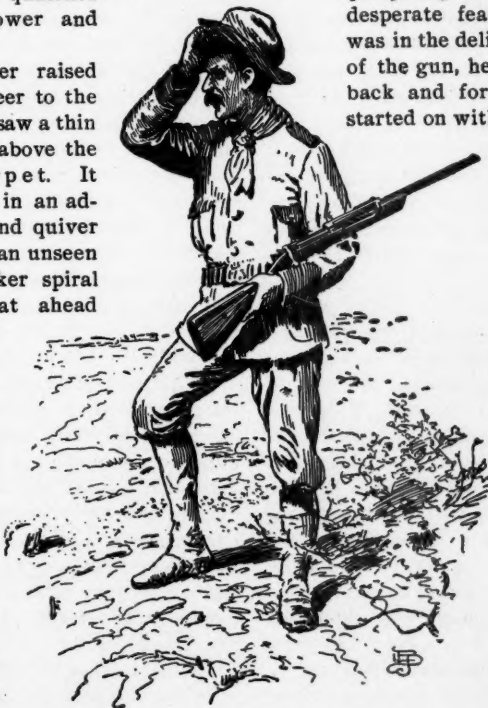
The volunteer raised his head to peer to the westward, and saw a thin vapor of dust above the sagebush carpet. It seemed to rise in an advancing line and quiver as if stirred by an unseen hand. A thicker spiral seemed to float ahead and grow into fearful looking shapes, and he caught his rifle with a gasp, with the blind feeling to kill strong upon him. He noiselessly pushed the barrel through the thicket and lowered the sights to 500 yards, gripping the weapon with a nerve like its tested steel. The sights wavered once—grew clear, and then he pulled the trigger and watched the bullet sweep the dry bushes swiftly over the objective point. The smokeless

powder left no sign and the soldier crawled away to the right and lay close against the friendly ground. Then there came a startlingly fierce explosion directly ahead and a blinding shower of dry mud hotly stung his face and hands. He plunged forward, cursing his wild stupidity in revealing his position by the shot, and in a panic crawled hastily on, regardless of the noise or dust, his eyes and mouth smarting intolerably from the alkali. He tried to wipe the dust from his

perspiring face, and then in desperate fear that the dirt was in the delicate mechanism of the gun, he jerked the bolt back and forth to test it and started on with a wild thought

that danger was close. He crashed heavily into a thorny thicket and there came another snarling bullet that tore up the sand all about him, and still another that swept his hat from his head and dulled his ears with the shock. The dim reports came instantly, but from where he could not tell.

He saw a light



"His eyes fixed in fury on the soles of the man's shoes"

haze of smoke or dust, he knew not which, as he was preparing to scramble on in a furious panic, and turning, fired wildly into the gray cactus. He hurried on recklessly; crawling far to the left and then dodging

to the south, kept on and on, until he emerged again on the alkali-whitened space, ignorant that he had made a semicircle that had brought him full around facing his position. He slunk into the brush once more and crept up the side of the sink until he halted in the fruitless shade of the greasewood, hoarsely trying to breathe in the choking atmosphere he had created. He started at the thick dust rolling above his head, and cursing himself and the fate that had ever sent him there, dived under the shrubs and on and on until he could go no further, and lay quite still, blinded, choked, trying to shield the red heat from his bare head, and lifting his limbs from the intolerable sand.

The fugitive raised his head after a while, glaring at the hot sky, and saw the far-away hills and the yellow canon walls burning through the haze. The land was aglitter with the yellow heat.

Down a faint path between the brush, not fifty yards from where he lay, something caught his eyes and he stared with a breathless fascination until it slowly took form—a pair of shoes with the bottoms turned toward him and the uncertain outlines of a man's body beyond! He was sure of it! The glinting dust floated between, but those upturned soles, the leather glistening—worn smooth as glass by sand and brush—could not be an illusion. It was a man lying stretched prone with his head over his arm, rifle extended, and watching intently ahead. The soldier noiselessly drew up his own gun until with his chin quite down in the warm sand he held a steady aim on the soles of the shoes.

"God! I can kill him; rip him from feet up and he'll never know what struck him!" he muttered with the hot lust for revenge rising with the throbs of his beating heart and quick-

ening breath. The chase had been fast and humiliatingly pressed upon him. "By God! I'll—No, wait 'till he moves and then I'll let him have it—wait 'till he sees me and then I won't give him a chance—not one as he—wouldn't me!"

Purdy steadied the rifle over his arm and felt himself growing calmer; the terror of the unseen enemy was dying out. He could have arisen and faced his man resolutely enough at any time; it was the cat and mouse game that had shaken his courage. He cleared his eyes and waited, grimly telling himself that for life or death, he held the winning card; he could kill his foe instantly or command him to surrender. But that last was debarred by their agreement. "The man that's left c'n take the cayuse an' ride back to town; there'll only be one," Hank Getts had declared. There was to be no tame capitulation. The cattleman would laugh at that, and only sell his life as desperately as he could. So Purdy, the volunteer, lay with eye along the blue barrel awaiting the last play; watching, watching until the dirty brush around his prey quivered and jumped; the intervening sand flowed between in yellowish eddies, and he had to turn his strained vision away to the distant rim of hills and the dull sky line. But these two seemed funnily featured; a solitary butte off in the burning south leered and gibbered at him and crouched for a leap over the heaving desert, and he caught echoes of high mocking laughter from the cannon walls. He closed his tired eyes and with a start opened them on the shining soles of the man lying stealthily behind the greasewood. The ground between in places lay bubbled and cracked in fantastic shapes, traced in sparkling alkali, and Purdy fell to admiring the strange

regularity of these forms—squares and angles and octagons, that dryly crackled into something that, as in a dream, he seemed to have known before. The octagons he giddily likened to some dear, faint memory that familiarly comforted him. Octagons? They trooped out of the cool shadowy past, but from where? Oh yes, in books, books and in school! He smiled reassuringly at the alkali octagons; they seemed interestingly relevant—vast with important problems of $4ax-y$ —couldn't he ever get it right? Then he erased the irritating figures; swept them from the blackboard so that the pungent chalk dust crept into his nostrils and he sneezed.

Then they laughed—the little boys at the whittled desks and the girls of class B at the recitation bench! He started to draw more octagons, but the chalk-dust choked him, and then there was a little girl in blue, oh, how cool and smiling-eyed she was! who put her hand in his and took the chalk away. Then they drew octagons together, and angles and squares and parallelograms, and everything was fair and good until the dusk fell and they walked home side by side by green hill orchards that scattered pink and white blossoms in her hair. And after that day the octagons stared in on his dreams; always changing, rolling forms, but forever framing her face through long spaces of time and distance, until, one day, she gave him one of silver from which she smiled out on him through all the days they were apart—days of toil and doubt and danger on the western ocean and in hot, shallow trenches in strange, far lands. And now he was taking it

back to her—to her, among the white-blossomed apple trees of long ago!

His hand lovingly sought the locket on his rifle, but God! Where was it? He was frantically grasping the empty air and glaring at the burnished sky, the cracked earth and off at the lowering hills. Gone! With a hoarse cry he arose and groped back along his track, digging in the sand and dirt with trembling fingers, turning sticks and stones in mad haste and then in despair staggering forward to renew the search. His eyes fixed in fury on the soles of the man's shoes. "He did it! He knows! He knows!" The soldier seized his rifle and leveled it at the crouching form. But the locket was forever between him and the sights; he again tore up the earth in a maniacal search for it. Why didn't the man ahead stir to aid him—to find it—to wear his heart out in the desert in quest of it?

Ah, he would kill him for this—kill him for this dogged indifference! Shoot him where he lay! He brought the rifle to his shoulder and softly tiptoed around the greasewood to bring the man's head to clearer view. He kicked the dust—he rattled the twisted cactus to start his quarry out, but the other only gazed calmly before him at something in his left hand. The soldier stole nearer, stealthily awaiting a movement. But even as he noted the darkly-caked earth beneath the man's left side and the dizzy sandflies quivering over it, he saw the silver octagon locket open in his hand. The dark, set eyes of Hank Getts stared down at it in stern, high astonishment and joy, for the smiling face in the locket was not that of Kitty, the dining-room girl at Cowan's.



BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

By Annie T. Colcock

PART I—A FAIR TOLEDANA*

THE noontide hush had fallen over Toledo on a day in the spring-time of 1896. The once imperial city—forever day-dreaming of its past glories—seemed now to be sunk into still deeper slumber, as though drunken with the April sunshine. Overhead arched a cloudless sky, blue as the robes of *la Purissima*; the sunlight glistened on the gray tiled roofs and the narrow, ill-paved street was bathed in a flood of golden light which the creamy walls of the low, irregular buildings reflected glaringly. It was with a sense of refreshment that the glance rested on the cool spots of shadow in the curve of a wall or beneath an overhanging balcony; and one dark green door, heavily studded with great nails, and half-concealed beneath the brow of a Moorish archway, seemed like a little oasis to the dazzled eye. The fragrance of geranium, heliotrope and sweet basil was wafted from every window balcony.

Not a sound broke the stillness save the musical trickling of the little stream of water gushing into the stone basin of the fountain at the corner—a cool sound, very tempting to the thirsty palate of the solitary occupant of this silent little street.

Don Jacinto slipped his notebook into his pocket and crossed over to the fountain. Beside the stone spout hung a tarnished, broken chain, but no drinking-cup was visible, so he

stooped his head for a mouthful of the splashing stream. After one or two ineffectual efforts to quench his thirst, he felt a light touch on his arm, and a soft voice said:

"Pardon me, *senor*, but here is a cup at your service."

The young man turned eagerly, and the glitter of a bright brass cup met his gaze, but he looked beyond into the dark eyes of the fair young Toledana who offered it.

Straight and slim as a young palm tree, she might have posed for Rebecca at the well. Her dress consisted of a dark stuff petticoat, a bodice of flowered print, and a blue and red kerchief folded crosswise over her shoulders. On her left hip was poised the earthen water jar—or *botijo* which, from one end of Spain to the other, is the most important article of household furniture—and in her right hand she held forth the shining cup to the young stranger.

"Will you not drink?" she asked with gentle dignity.

"To your health," he replied, baring his head as he lifted the brimming cup to his lips.

The girl acknowledged the compliment with the merest inclination of her dark head, and setting the water jar on the ledge under the stream of the fountain, waited for it to fill.

With another respectful salute, and a glance of admiration in his eyes, Don Jacinto tendered, at the same time, the empty cup and his grateful thanks to its owner. He was a good

*The remainder of this charming story of modern Spain will appear in two instalments in the forthcoming numbers of "The National Magazine."

looking youth of the best Castilian type—tall, graceful, with well-cut features, black eyes, and a clear red and brown complexion. His dark beard was trimmed to a point, the ends of his mustache curled upward, and he wore his light gray sombrero with a jaunty air. The young girl scanned him approvingly through her long lashes, then, warned by the gurgling overflow of her jar, she turned away. However, before she could stoop to raise it, the stranger, with a quick movement, forestalled her, and holding it on his arm, exclaimed gaily: "Whither?"

"It is needless, señor, I have but a step, to yonder doorway," and she pointed to the green door in the shadow of the Moorish arch.

"Alas, that my aid must be so brief!" replied Don Jacinto, regretfully, as he accompanied her the few paces across the narrow street to her destination, where she received the jar again into her keeping, with a single word of thanks, and pushed open the heavy, creaking door. It was already swinging back upon its hinges when the young man put out a detaining hand, saying:

"Pardon me, but I have letters to Señor de Cabrera in this *barrio*.* Can you direct me to his dwelling in this labyrinth of streets?"

An expression of surprise and suspicion crossed the girl's face; she hesitated.

"It is here, caballero," she said at length, yet without opening the door further. "At this hour he is not at home; but if you will return in the evening you will be welcome," she added.

Don Jacinto lifted his sombrero once more, with a slight increase of dignity. "I will return, señorita, when I can

pay to him, in person, my respectful greetings. Until then, farewell."

"A very good day to you," was the gentle response, and the green door swung back into its place.

For a moment Don Jacinto stared dumbly at the great nail heads that studded its surface.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed, with a short laugh, as he turned on his heel, "for a serving wench she gives herself airs. And if her beauty is her title, she has a right—as the sun shines, I will swear it!" He walked on for some time in silence, then paused with uplifted hand and cried aloud: "*Por Dios*, I had forgotten—it was in Toledo that Cervantes wrote '*La ilustre fregona*'; for I passed this morning, a *posadat* proclaiming the fact by an inscription on a brass plate upon the door. By San Antonio of Padua, there are still kitchen wenches as fair! I will wager a *cigarro* that my lady of the water jar would put 'the illustrious kitchen maid' of Cervantes very much in the shade. Mother of my soul, but what eyes!"

He laughed again as he spoke, kissed the tips of his fingers delicately and spread them with an airy gesture, as though wafting a salute to the object of his admiration. Then, as the smile faded from his face, he drew out his note book, studied it gravely for a moment, consulted his watch, and deciding that he could not do better than spend the afternoon in visiting the world-famous cutlery of Toledo, and purchasing some interesting souvenir of his visit, he continued on his way with an occasional twirl of his dark moustaches and a deft swinging of his silver-headed cane.

This young caballero was a fair specimen of the well-to-do Castilian. A native of Madrid, and the only son of wealthy parents; fresh from college life; with a light heart, a heavy

*District of a city.
†Ivan.

purse, a love of literature and a taste for the beautiful—especially in women, he was now in the holiday hour of his existence and finding it very good. At the same time he was comparatively free from the vices of his class, and untouched as yet, by the taint of political intrigue—of which Madrid is the hot-bed.

We will leave him pursuing his nonchalant way, and forestall him at the cutlery, which is on the outskirts of Toledo and the chief source of employment to its people—for the "Toledo blade" still retains some of the ancient prestige which the city, crumbling away to ruin, has long since lost.

One of the show rooms of the factory is that where the finer work of ornamentation is done; the delicate engraving, the inlaid work of gold and silver, the graceful arabesques and highly finished medallions that go to the enrichment of some superfine weapon of defence—or offence, as the case may be.

Sebastiano, the hunchback artist of the workshop, was engaged upon a masterpiece. His little ill-formed body, perched upon a high stool, was quivering with excitement; the claw like fingers grasped the tools with nervous energy, and in the sallow, eager face bent over his work shone the fire of an artist's enthusiasm.

"Almost finished," he murmured from time to time. "A touch here and there—" and again sounded the soft tap of his mallet. At last he held it up to the light with a little inarticulate cry of pleasure. It was a tiny golden head in semi-relief—the head of a young girl, most exquisitely modelled. He gloated over it in silence a moment, then murmured:

"Mercedes—Mercedes to the life? The curve of the lip, the line of the brow—But stay, the hair falls a bit

heavily," and he bent to work once more.

The afternoon hours were on; and then the entrance of a visitor created a slight stir in the room, silent heretofore but for the constant click and tap of the tools.

Don Jacinto had made a purchase vastly to his liking, and he reiterated his admiration in unmeasured terms. It was, indeed, a most dainty weapon—this Toledo dagger in its black velvet, silver-mounted sheath. He drew it forth and held it up, and the light flickered along the deadly little blade like a jet of blue flame. The foreman of the workshop took it from his hand, and explained to one of the engravers that the senor desired an inscription upon one side of the silver hilt. Don Jacinto handed the memoranda to the artisan, and continued his tour of inspection around the room.

"*Caspita!* but that is a rare bit of work!" he cried suddenly, bending over the hunchback's table.

Sebastiano started, and put out one hand as though to conceal the little head on which he was engaged; but the stranger, with the air of one who is accustomed to have his way, took up the tiny medallion and held it to the light. An exclamation of surprise broke from him.

"Our little wench of the water jar—'*la ilustre fregona*' herself! *Caramba!* but what a coincidence!"

The foreman, overhearing this exclamation, approached hastily, and looked over his shoulder.

"What is this?" and he turned to Sebastiano with a scowl. "This is not the head of Mars that you were retouching. What does this mean?"

The hunchback murmured an incoherent explanation about a flaw in the die which he had sought to remedy; and the foreman broke in with a sharp

reproof, when Don Jacinto interrupted gaily:

"But this is admirable, caballero. This delights me greatly. I must have it, indeed yes! It shall be inlaid in the dagger, on the reverse of the hilt. By Cervantes, but it is most appropriate! You will see to it, caballero, in the handle of the dagger. We shall not quarrel about the price."

"But it is not for sale, señor!" cried Sebastiano hastily, a dark flush mounting to his fallow brow.

"Not for sale?" cried the foreman, turning on him angrily.

"I mean—it is unfinished—" stammered the dwarf, chokingly, his little body shrinking under the sharp words as though from a blow.

"It is well enough as it is. *Por Dios*, it is ravishing!" repeated Don Jacinto, still holding it to the light with the air of a connoisseur. Then he yielded it to the foreman, and departed gaily, the latter following him to the door. As it closed on the two, the hunchback at his table in the corner, bent over and buried his fallow face in his thin little hands.

Senor de Cabrera had finished his dinner; but he still sat at table in the *comedor*—or dining apartment—with a newspaper spread out on the table before him, beneath the large kerosene lamp that hung from the centre of the room.

The light streamed down over a fine head covered sparsedly with silvery hair, a high, prominent brow, beneath which his dark eyes gleamed with all the fire of youth, a nose strongly aquiline and surmounted by large silver rimmed spectacles; and a snow white beard, trimmed with great precision.

The room in which he sat, like most others in Toledo, was cramped and small, and contained little in the way

of furniture. At one end was a sideboard, on which were a few pieces of antique silverware; three or four chairs and a curiously carved cabinet, summed up the remainder. Two windows overlooked the little *patio*—or courtyard, from which the heavy green door gave access to the street.

Outside, in the twilight, Mercedes was watering her flowers—a mass of fragrant bloom in the little stone basin of an ancient, disused fountain in the centre. The floor of the little court was paved with tiles; in one corner a narrow stairway ascended to the rooms on the upper floor of the dwelling; and from large tubs, set all around the walls, climbed the graceful vines which, when trained overhead, were designed to furnish a protection against the summer heat.

Beside the girl, as she bent over her flowers, stood the little hunchback with a water jar held on one arm, while with the other he gesticulated violently, speaking in low, eager tones.

Mercedes paused in her work to listen, her face softening with sympathy.

"Ah! what a disappointment for thee, Chano *mio*," she exclaimed in her soft, clear voice. "But let it not vex thee, cousin. Thou shalt make an image of me every day in the year, if thou wilt. A silver peseta will make another as good, is it not so? Or if only gold will serve—*ay de mi*! there is none too much of that with us, as thou knowest—But stay, thou shalt have this," and she unloosened a little gold brooch from her collar and held it out to him. "Make it over for me, Sebastiano. I would as soon have it so, if it will please thee."

The hunchback turned from her with a gesture that was half angry, wholly despairing.

"*Dios mio*! dost thou not understand?

This was an inspiration, a thing to have done once in a lifetime. I tell thee, Mercedes, it was thy very self—the rounded cheek and dimpled chin, the lips, the smile, the eyes drooped coyly as though playing at sleep—and to think that it is for the toy of a mere dandy of Madrid—a creature who knew no better than to suppose that it was intended for the kitchen maid of Cervantes. *Cielos!* the wench of the water pot, he styled it."

"What say you, Chano?" cried the girl hastily, her cheeks growing hot in the twilight. "A dandy of Madrid, was it? A wench of the water pot, said he? Wench, indeed!"

"Ay, wench of the kitchen—of the *botijo*—it matters little."

The heavy rap of the knocker checked his speech.

"Open the door," exclaimed Mercedes, rising quickly to her feet as she spoke. "Open, Sebastiano!"

Obediently the little man turned to the gate, and drawing the heavy bolt, let it swing inwards.

Don Jacinto, coming down the dim street with alert step, had conjured up for his beguilement on the way, visions of the fair portress of the morning, as she had last appeared to him ere the green door shut her from sight. Now, all the tales of Moorish mysteries, of enchanted princesses and goblin guardians, rushed into his mind as the same door swung open to reveal—in the full stream of light that issued from the windows of the comedor—the grotesque little figure of Sebastiano, with the water pot still on his arm.

For an instant he stood speechless, then as understanding began to dawn on him once more, he found voice to ask for Don Pedro de Cabrera, and to present his card.

The inquiry was heard by Senor de Cabrera himself, who hastened to the door to admit his visitor.

As the bewildered young man listened to his host's courtly protestations of welcome he realized that this strange substitute for "*la fregona*" was no other than the little artist of the cutlery, and he turned to give him some greeting; but it was too late, the patio was empty, and he did not catch the vindictive whisper that followed Mercedes as she vanished up the stairway: "It is he; the dandy of Madrid!"

In the comedor, Don Pedro, having discovered in Jacinto the grandson of an old friend, was setting forth the best the house afforded for his entertainment. A bottle of Val de Penas, glasses and cigars were placed upon the table, and the guest was pressed to partake of them.

"These cigars," commented Senor de Cabrera as he offered the younger man a light, "are not so good as I could wish, but it is many a year since I have found my taste for the good things of life equalled by my power to gratify it."

"In that you are to be congratulated," was the courteous rejoinder. "It is the complaint of most men, on reaching middle life, that the taste fails for all that was desirable in youth, so that even the wealth of Croesus would be powerless to tempt it."

"In middle life—" repeated Don Pedro, answering the first part of his sentence. "My young friend, I am seventy years old. Within my memory this unhappy country has been rent again and again by revolution and civil war; I have seen the rise and the decline of the Carlist party; and during my lifetime six sovereigns have sat upon the throne of Spain. And now—" he paused, and placing his cigar between his lips puffed thoughtfully for a few minutes, while the young man waited respectfully for the completion of his sentence.

"Your great-grandfather," continued Don Pedro, presently, in a musing tone, "was one of the heroes who fell in 1808, and your grandfather was another gallant officer; but your father, I believe, has preferred a political career to that of the soldier. In what field, may I ask, do you propose to serve your country? For she has need of the warm blood of young Castile. We of a past generation feel it growing chill in our veins, so that we are useless in this present crisis. It is your day, my young friend.

There was an embarrassed silence, as Don Jacinto carefully removed the ash from his cigar. At last he exclaimed with a half laugh:

"Upon my honor, Don Pedro, I believe it was to assist me to arrive at some conclusion that my father persuaded me to come here and make your acquaintance. You perceive," continued the young man, desperately, "the distractions of a large city like Madrid, make it difficult to arrive at a decision of such moment. But in Toledo, where every stone is a record of the past, and every monument an inspiration, one feels—one begins to realize the importance of—" he broke down helplessly; but Don Pedro smiled with approval.

"It is true," he said gravely. "Toledo is all that and more. One of our modern writers has truly called it: 'The dumb map of old powerful Spain, the geneological tree of our nation, the sacred repository of our lares, manes et penates.' You do well to come hither. To breathe in, with the air of this ancient city, the traditions of our former greatness, is to kindle the soul and foster in the heart the love of country." His eyes lit as he spoke, and his cheek flushed with a passing glow. "Where is there a nobler calling than that of the soldier?" he continued. "A son of Cas-

tile, in choosing a career, does not want for illustrious examples, for we come of a nation of heroes."

A long pause followed, as the young man found no words in which to reply.

Then the old gentleman turned to him with a kindly smile, and said: "Well, my young friend, you must let me help you to a decision as far as I am able to do so. And during your stay here, I beg that you will consider this house your own."

"I shall be most grateful for your advice," replied Don Jacinto, rising; and, after a few words of thanks and mutual compliment, he found himself once more in the street.

"*Por Dios!*" he exclaimed, with mingled amusement and chagrin. "I seem to have stumbled upon a recruiting agency. Unless I beware, I shall be despatched to Cuba with the next detachment of conscripts." *Caramba*, but there's fire in the old war horse yet! They say he was a gallant soldier in his day.—But where was '*la fregona*' I wonder? Among the pots and pans, no doubt. Alas, that rare beauty, such as hers, is not alone the heritage of the wealthy and well-born!" and he sighed deeply as he entered the courtyard of his hotel.

The whole of the next day, and during the morning of another, Don Jacinto avoided the little street of the fountain; but time was beginning to hang heavily on his hands. He missed the gossip of the Madrid cafes, and the evening promenade on the Prado.

"In truth, Toledo, with all the monuments of the past, is as dull as a cemetery!" he thought, discontentedly, as he tossed aside the "*Heraldo*," over which he had been dozing since noon in the patio of the hotel, and stepped out into the street.

Hardly a soul was visible. A woman sat with a child on her knee, in a

sunny doorway, and at long intervals the footfall of a passer-by broke the stillness. By and by a tiny burro, laden with paniers of charcoal, came pattering down the street, its long ears wagging sleepily. A small urchin with a long stick loitered after it, giving an occasional cry of "*Anda! Anda!* (Go on!)" which neither of them seemed to take seriously, as the snail's pace continued as long as they remained in sight.

Don Jacinto yawned, and followed the donkey and the boy.

"At least," he murmured, "it will keep me awake."

For some time he pursued his unconscious guides as they threaded their way through the maze of torturous streets; but suddenly, they turned into a short alley, blocked at the end by a high gateway, and in another moment this had opened and swallowed them from sight.

"*Que lastima!* I have no longer an aim," he sighed, and wandered on disconsolately. Now and then the low murmur of the Tagus reached his ears, luring him on, till at last the great mass of the Cathedral loomed up before him. One of the large doors was partly open, and the tones of the organ floated out into the street.

On a sudden impulse, he crossed the little square and entered.

Before him, in a vast perspective, the dim Gothic arches extended, lit from below by the flickering candles in the niches along the walls, while far above, like captive rainbows, lurked the rays of the afternoon sun, tinged by the many hued windows hidden in the vaulted roof.

As Don Jacinto's eyes grew more accustomed to the dim light, he perceived that mass was being celebrated in the Mozarabe Chapel under the tower of the Cathedral, dedicated to the memory of the primitive church of

Spain. The voices of the choir rose on a mighty wave of harmony from the great organ, swelling louder and echoing amid the arches, then dying away softly as the priest's deep tones took up the strain.

There was something inexpressibly sad and plaintive in the music. As he drew nearer to listen he perceived among the kneeling worshippers the gray head and gaunt figure of Don Pedro, and beside him was a slight, black robed girl, with a mantilla shrouding her face.

The young stranger waited reverently for the service to conclude, his impressionable nature deeply moved by the solemnity of those wierd chants, sung responsively by priest and choir; and involuntarily, his mind reverted to the days when the little remnant of Christian Toledo had worshipped in secret under the very shadow of the Crescent.

It was over, and the congregation was flowing out. Waiting in the shadow of a column, Don Jacinto watched, with some curiosity, for that little, black robed figure to pass by. The erect old man, with silvery hair, came down the nave, with the slight figure clinging to his arm. As she passed by she lifted her face, the light of a candle flashed full upon it, and Jacinto caught his breath with surprise as he recognized the girl he had seen at the fountain.

"Who is that young senorita with Don Pedro de Cabrera?" he commanded hastily of a bystander, who smiled appreciatively, saying in reply: "Ah, Caballero, you have singled out the most beautiful face in Toledo. That is Dona Mercedes, the granddaughter of Don Pedro."

Jacinto gazed after the girl with widening eyes.

"*Diablo!*" he murmured under his breath.



An Alaskan Story

By James French Dorrance

SOME years ago Togiak Bay, on the Bering sea shore of Alaska, experienced for the first time the honor of caring for a United States vessel of war. True, it was only a gunboat—the “Wheeling,” and the visit was one of necessity—broken machinery; but even so, the honor was great, for Togiak had never before seen anything larger than a salmon cannery tug.

As if in appreciation, nature showed itself at its best. Even the prosaic, hard-working sailors in the forecastle were affected by the beauty of the scene.

Hegemeister island, bluff and barren as it was, furnished ample protection from the mid-summer storms. The shores of the bay, covered with an evergreen coat of scrubby trees, presented the necessary relief from the island's rocky monotony. A low range of snow-covered mountains along the Kuskokwin river gave a jagged horizon toward the east; while the even, blue stretch where sea and sky met toward the west afforded a perfect element of contrast.

The Walrus Twins—two low islands

—held up their heads side by side a few miles out to sea, and the waves dashing upon them changed color to a milky white as they fell back into the sea thoroughly churned into foam.

It was from the contemplation of this scene, set off with great distinctness by the early morning sun, that the officer of the deck was suddenly aroused by a member of the watch.

“A lot of Indian canoes have just rounded the point, and are heading toward us, sir,” was the sailor's announcement.

The lieutenant surveyed the approaching fleet with his glass for a moment, and made out the big canoe of Nikkhak, chief of the Togiak tribe, which was somewhat in the lead. He sent word to his captain, and received the Indians with the usual ceremony.

The “Wheeling” was in northern waters for the express purpose of impressing the dignity of the United States government on the miserable Alaskan coast natives from Fort Wrangel to Kotzebue Sound, and even further north if the weather permitted. What this visit in force meant, the officers did not know. The To-

giak tribe had been received several days before, and in an hour the "Wheeling" would be ready to steam away. The opportunity, however, of again impressing governmental dignity was too good to be lost.

There were perhaps twenty canoes in the approaching flotilla. They were clumsy, home-made affairs, constructed of seal or fish skins, stretched tightly over light wooden frames, and tied in place with buckskin thongs. The chief's barge, the pride of the tribe, advanced rapidly with ten strong young men at the paddles. In the stern sat Nikhkak, himself, resplendent in a cast-off uniform coat used in the revenue service, and a pair of badly worn duck trousers, that had long since forgotten their original color. A round sailor cap sat on top a shaggy mass of clotted white hairy, and completed his uniform of state.

The presence of a "klootchman"—as all women of the Siwash tribes are called—at the side of the chief was even more of a mystery than the reason for the visit. Alaskan women of the native sort are kept under thorough subjugation by their lords and masters, and their presence is never tolerated at affairs of state.

The canoes had by this time reached the vessel, and the chief asked in his guttural jargon permission to come on board. Dignity demanded that they be kept waiting, and it was fully a half hour before the captain appeared at the gangway and motioned the desired permission. He wore a full-dress uniform, which fairly shone with gold braid, so dear to the Indian eye.

Chief Nikhkak disdained the use of the gangway, and instead ran his canoe alongside the anchor chain, up which he climbed with the agility of a cat, sticking his bare toes into the holes between the links. The "klootch-

man" followed in the same fashion, and was in turn followed by a half dozen half-dressed natives.

The crew was drawn up on the main deck to receive them, and saluted formally as the chief and his companions scrambled over the bow. A long exchange of official courtesies followed with the assistance of an interpreter, and many assurances of friendly feeling were exchanged by the same means. The crew was finally dismissed as the principals got down to business.

"Ask Nikhkak his business," said the captain to the old Wrangle Indian who accompanied the expedition as interpreter.

The chief talked earnestly for five minutes, for the words of the language are hard to speak even for the natives. They meant as little to the officers standing about, as did the senseless squawks of a multitude of gulls which had followed the ship from the south.

There was little doubt, however, but that the conversation had to do with the Indian woman, for she had squatted on the deck and bent her head to her knees, all the while crying softly. She was almost animal looking, with her head sloping to a point—a mark of great beauty seen through Siwash eyes, and secured in infancy by binding the unformed head to a flat board—her long black hair, uncombed, tangled and matted with dirt; and her dark-skinned face, unwashed for weeks except by the tears she was now shedding. These tears wore furrows through the accumulated dirt, and disclosed traces of blue tattoo marks. A brass ring inserted through a ragged hole in her upper lip completed the horrible picture.

Her attire was not less wonderful than her face. As a color scheme it defied all laws, red and yellow pre-

dominating, purple and green showing vividly in the trimmings. The garment was wrapper-like in construction, and she had probably purchased it from a passing trader for many times its value in rich furs.

"He says he wants one of your sailors," the interpreter finally said, turning to the captain.

It took another five minutes to find the reason for the strange request,

stole a canoe and ran away with the skins. He is afraid you will take the man away, and leave his daughter without a husband."

The woman in the complicated case now looked up and made a sign that she wished to speak. She had picked up some English from the missionaries and dispensed with Wrangel's services.

"Give me Jack," she said. "He loves



"There was some kind of a dance goin' on"

but old Wrangel finally made it out thus:

"He says his daughter—the girl there—wanted a sailor for a husband. He bought some sailor from this boat. The sailor told him he would love his daughter very much for twenty blue fox skins and fifty pounds of walrus tusks. They had big Indian wedding two nights ago. Last night the sailor

me. You steal him away. I give you gold for him," and she threw a sack heavy with small gold nuggets at the captain's feet. Then she started crying again.

"You say you want Jack," said the captain, "what is his other name?"

"His name just Jack," the "klootchman" replied. "Him have no other

name to me. Him have red hair, too."

This after thought about the red hair was of great importance. In fact it solved the whole mystery. "Red" Jack O'Connell, pride of the forecandle and the best fighter on the Pacific squadron, had been ashore without leave for three days, and was then doing penance in the "brig."

"Bring O'Connell on deck without his irons," said the captain to the officer of the deck.

He appeared shortly with a smile on his face, assumed to show his companions that he did not mind a turn in the "brig." It faded instantly when he caught sight of the Indian woman.

She saw him at the same moment, and was across the deck with one leap. She threw her arms about his legs, uttering but one word—"Jack."

"O'Connell, did you ever see this woman before?" asked the captain.

"No, sir; never set eyes on her till this minute," was the unfaltering reply.

"It will not help you to lie about it," said the captain gruffly; "by Indian law and in sight of God you are her husband. Now out with the whole story."

O'Connell began to look worried. He looked at the sky, then at the deck, hunting through his mind for some loophole of escape. There seemed to be none, and he began:

"You see, sir, it was this way: I gets tired stayin' on board—you know I haven't had shore leave for months. So I slips overboard and swims ashore. The water was colder than I thought, and seein' smoke ahead, I steers for it. It was this 'buck's' camp and they was havin' a big time inside, so in I crawls.

"There was some kind of a dance goin' on, and I joins in with this girl for partner. She was the best lookin' one in the lot. (This in an apologetic

tone for the benefit of the sailors within hearing.) When we gits through she begins huggin' me. Then she goes over to the old 'beggar'—that one there, and they talks a long time, pointin' to me every little while.

"Then the old one gets out the finest lot of fox skins I ever laid eyes on, and a lot of ivory. He piles 'em up in front of me, and brings up the girl by the hand. He points first to the pile and then to the girl. Then she picks up the skins and sits down beside me. I gives the old one all of my tobacco, thinkin' they were givin' me presents.

"The oldest man I ever see comes in then, and says a lot of stuff while we stands up before him. Then they gives the dance over again, and we all gets very drunk.

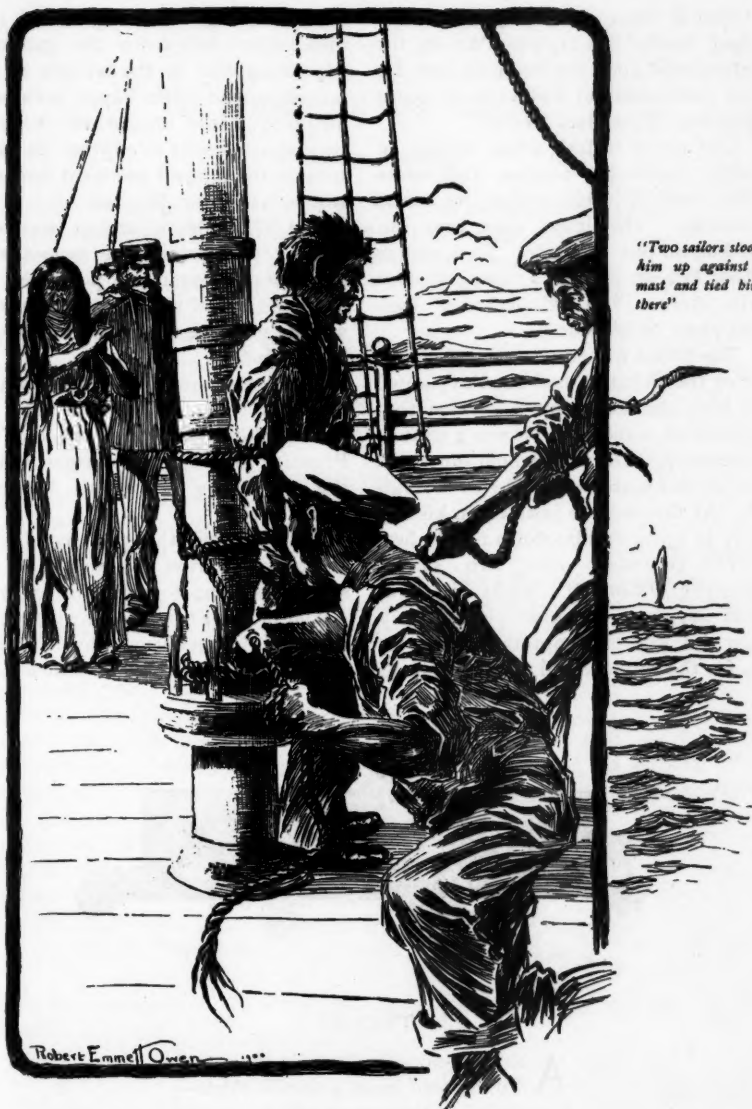
"I stays there two days, and then 'outs' with the plunder. I nearly died eatin' their fish-head stew, and other rank dishes. The skins are down in my chest, sir, and they can have them back, if that's what they want. And that's the whole story, sir, as I hopes to die on shore."

"Do you mean to say you did not know they were marrying you to the girl?" asked the captain.

"As I live, sir, I never dreamed it," was the reply.

"If you are telling the truth, I'm sorry for you, my man," said the captain; "but appearances are rather against you." He ordered a lieutenant to ask Father Riley, who was going to a northern mission on the vessel, to come on deck.

"I'll see that you are married properly enough now," said the captain, turning to the thoroughly frightened sailor. "It is necessary for the first time in the history of the country to force a citizen of the United States into a marriage against his will to uphold the dignity of the government."



"Two sailors stood
him up against a
mast and tied him
there"

"But, sir, I have a wife in San Francisco," whined the sailor.

This was an unlooked for complication, and for a moment the captain was puzzled. Then he sent for the paymaster, who produced the sailor's

papers. They pronounced O'Connell "single."

"Well, anyway, there's a girl wantin' to marry me when the ship gets back," said the sailor, when confronted with this proof.

"She'll have to marry some one else," replied the captain, "for in the interests of good government, and for the protection of Indian honor, your wedding takes place to-day."

The sailor rolled great strings of oaths under his tongue, and swore they could kill him before he would consent. The irons were sent for, and again put in place. Two sailors stood him up against a mast and tied him there. The "klootchman" took her place by his side.

The priest was equal to the occasion, after the situation had been explained to him, and made up a service that needed no responses. It was a strange ceremony. The bridegroom muttered curses on his unlovely bride all through it. At the end she insisted on kissing him in spite of his efforts to bite her.

The ceremony over, two sailors brought O'Connell's chest on deck. The paymaster counted out the pay due him, and the captain signed for it, for the sailor would not. His irons

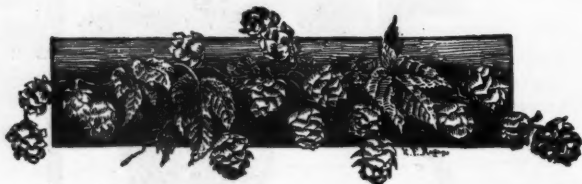
were exchanged for ropes, and four men carried him down the gangway, depositing him in the bottom of the largest canoe. His happy bride waddled down after him, while the chief tarried a moment to express his gratitude in the longest and most imposing words his jargon afforded.

The "Wheeling's" anchor was soon hoisted, and before the canoes were out of sight around the point she was steaming out of the bay, a foamy wake waving goodbye to the sailor benedict left behind.

There was much discussion among the men about his strange fate, and the opinions held were various. Old Priestly, sargeant of marines, voiced the prevailing sentiment, however, when he said:

"I'll bet a month's pay that Jack is chief of that tribe in a year, if no vessel comes along to carry him away."

And in San Francisco a rosy-cheeked Irish girl is wondering why her fighting sailor lover has never returned.



TRIOLET

A ROSE—an odor faint—a thought—
 To my sore heart a mystic three—
 I trembled at the breeze which brought
 A rose—an odor faint—a thought—
 Where can a soothing balm be got
 To quiet the throbbing breast o' me?
 A rose—an odor faint—a thought—
 To my sore heart a mystic three.

Everit Bogert Terbune

THE KEEPING OF THE ALAMO

By Winthrop Packard

There came a messenger in hot haste, a scout from the southern plain,
To Travis, captain at Bexar, riding with might and main:
"There are six thousand Mexicans have crossed the Rio Grande;
With horse and foot and cannon they swarm; they are close at hand."

Seven score and five of Texans warded the town that day,
Seven score and five of Texans, and fearless men were they,
Yet a handful, with scant defences, and an army to hold at bay.
They were lank and tall, bold men of the plains,
Stern bred of a stern, wild land,
To wrestle with storm, to fight with drought,
To laugh at death, from the north or south,
Be it Indian spear or cannon's mouth,
A dashing, fearless band.
And lo! as they looked in their leader's eyes there came the roll of a drum,
The clatter and tramp of horse and foot and an army's sullen hum,
And the pickets came flying inward with the warning cry, "They come!"

"Now hasten to the Alamo, we may not save the town,
But the Alamo has stout stone walls were hard to batter down,
And there," spake fearless Travis, "our twin-starred flag shall fly
Till we drive away these swart wolf-dogs or dead in its shade we lie."
A rousing cheer from the patriot band swept up to the listening sky;
And one has gone, brave Bonham, to scour the plains for aid:
"I'll return, with help or without it," he said; "Be not afraid."
And presently they answered Santa Anna's call to yield
With a shot from a surly cannon that echoed far afield,
Till from the staff in the Mexican camp a blood-red banner hung—
The flag that meant "No quarter!"—and defiance back they flung.

There are Mexican guns to the north and south, they flash from the east and
west.
Their infantry charge, long rank on rank, at their leaders' fierce behest,
And ever their glistening bayonets gleam through the cannon's sulphurous
breath
And beat and fall away like waves from those walls rimmed round with death.
'Mid the ripple and rap of rifle shot and the great guns' sullen boom,
And still they die, to the taunting cry: "Come up to the front, there's room."
No bolder men than our Texans brave, and none so skilled as they
With rifle and pistol to watch and ward and hold a foe in play,
And none might win to the outer wall in the face of the fire that day.

A while the battle ceased as night fell soft on the southern plain,
But long in the glare of the torches' flare the sappers worked might and main,
And nearer the earthworks crept where at dawn their cannon flashed again.
Oh, little of rest and sleep was there for the bold beleaguered few!
But every man had the strength of ten for the work that brave men do,
That out of their travail and death and pain should come the birth of a state,
While they boldly stood as heroes should in the stern front rank of fate.

Ten days the unequal fight went on in the glare of the pitiless sun;
Ten nights, and the round and placid moon looked down on the walls unwon,
And out in the desert, lean and far,
The grey wolf licked his chaps at the war,
And fled at the boom of a gun.
There was Crockett, generous, dauntless soul, still first in the hottest fray,
And Bowie, of the long, keen knife, vigilant night and day,
While fearless Travis led them. They cheered with valorous breath
And still fought on, tho' hope was gone and they knew the end was death.

There's a rush of shots in the darkness, a cheer in the outer camp,
A hubbub of reckless battle, and a quick, resistless tramp,
And five and thirty Texans break through to their comrades' aid,
And one has come, brave Bonham, alone, but unafraid.
That is all, and the grim lines closer draw,
And day and night the unequal war
By the dauntless band is stayed.

The Mexican troops mass north and south, the bugle shrilly calls,
And out of the husk of the morning dusk they burst on the riven walls;
The tender breath of a Sabbath morn blows fresh from the rosy sky,
But the patriot band to their ramparts stand, for the time has come to die.

Oh, who shall tell the hero deeds that deadly morning knew,
And how the long ranks rose and fell upon the dauntless few?
For twice the leaguering thousands fled before their battle call,
And twice they formed their ranks again and stormed the broken wall;
For all too few the weary band to stay the deadly strife,
Tho' brave and bold each coign they hold and yield it but with life;
For till each shot torn hero falls by his heap of slain
The rush of armed thousands seeks a foothold there in vain.

In storied pass Leonidas led his immortal Greeks,
Clear from a hundred stricken fields old England's valor speaks:
But never knightlier battle stand was made by fighting men
Than made the Alamo that morn one dreadful slaughter pen.
Well may the bloody winner burn those battle shattered frames,
Their ashes scatter far and wide the seed of deathless flames,
And still in song and story those narrow walls they hold
Where e'er in camp or court or field are tales of heroes told.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXI. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans, robs a bank and, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Charlotte Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat, recognizes Griswold and informs the authorities—from whom he escapes, makes an entire change in his appearance and goes to Wahaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Jasper Grierson, a wealthy magnate, has loaned Edward Raymer money with which to extend his Iron Works and notifies him that he must pay a third of his indebtedness on a certain date. Griswold becomes Raymer's partner. Andrew Galbraith, the banker whom Griswold robbed, comes to Wahaska, and Griswold recognizes him. Detective Griffin, on the quest of the bank robber, also comes to Wahaska.

XXII.

"I tell you, Griswold, there is no doubt about it; we have Jasper Grierson to thank for every move in this block game of ours. Every dollar's worth of work that we have lost has been taken away from us by his orders; and when we shall come to the heart of this strike business, we shall find out that he is at the bottom of that."

The partners were closeted in the private office of the Iron Works, discussing the discouraging outlook in general, and the ultimatum of the workmen in particular, and thus far Griswold had been unable to offer any helpful suggestion.

"I don't like to believe that, Ned," he protested. "It is a terrible charge to bring against any man. Besides, what motive could he have?"

"The one motive he has for everything he does—greed. He meant to swallow me whole when he lent me the money for the enlargement of the plant. You stepped in and stopped that, and now he means to swallow both of us."

Griswold shook his head. "I can't conceive the hardness of it, Ned."

"If you should accuse him of hard-

ness, it would make him laugh in your face. He would say it was business. But that is nothing to him. He is something more than a driver on the Jugernaut-car of business. He is a robber, out and out, and one who sticks at nothing. Have you heard of that deal he is engineering with the old banker from New Orleans?"

"What banker?"

"Old Andrew Galbraith, of the Bayou State Bank."

If Griswold did not turn pale at the mention of Andrew Galbraith's name, it was because his face was always colorless. Yet he forced himself to ask the question:

"I haven't heard of it, what is it?"

"Grierson is about to stick the old Scotchman for a cool million in the Red Lake pine lands. You know what they're worth—or, rather, how utterly worthless they are."

"Oh, I think you must be mistaken, Ned. It would be sheer robbery."

"I am not mistaken; it came as straight as a string. It is a family matter and I ought not to mention it, even to you. Young Blanton drew up the papers, and as you may have guessed before this, he and Gertie have no secrets from each other. The deal is all but closed."

Griswold went silent at that, sitting quiet for so long that Raymer wondered a little, and would have wondered a great deal if he could have known what a lion's net of responsibility his bit of information had flung over the silent one.

Truly, of all men living, Kenneth Griswold should have been the last to

feel any conscientious promptings toward the saving of the man whom he himself had robbed; and yet the promptings were there, full-grown and insistent. He was still wrestling with them when the noon whistle of the Iron Works jarred sonorously upon the air, and Raymer got up and walked to the window commanding a view of the gates. And it was Raymer's voice that broke his reverie.

"It has come," said the iron-master; and Griswold quickly joined him at the window.

The men were filing soberly out at the great gates with their dinner-pails and other belongings. The strike was on.

XXIII.

It was late in the afternoon of one of the matchless summer days when Griffin became an involuntary Crusoe. It was in the second week of the strike, and the fourth of his sojourn in Wahaska, and being no nearer the solution of his problem than he was on the day of theory-framing when he had made sure that Charlotte Farnham's robber-lover would in due time make his appearance, he had fallen into the way of killing time in a row-boat on the lake. It was weary work, this waiting for a man who might never turn up, and there was a limit to the satisfaction to be gotten out of prying into the affairs of a small city whose history one might read as he ran. So Griffin took to the row-boat and the lake, pulling slow-races against time, wrestling with his problem, meanwhile, and calling himself hard names; saying that it was only the inertia of the place, and not the hope of success, which was keeping him.

In the afternoon of the Crusoe hazard he had pulled out to the islet in the middle of the lake, had drawn the

light boat up on the sand, and had climbed the low bluff to smoke the pipe of reflection in the shade of the trees. It was here, with his back to the bole of a great oak, that sleep found him, smiting the pipe from his teeth and blotting out the hour in which the sun was sinking behind the western hills and the wind was rising. From this sleep unawares he was awakened by the whipping of the branches overhead and the crash of tiny breakers on the beach; and when he came alive to the realities he sprang up quickly and ran down to the little cove where he had left the boat; ran and looked and congratulated himself ironically. For the boat was gone.

"By Jove! I ought to have a leather medal for this, and I'll get it if they ever find out at headquarters," he jeered. "Hello, there! Boat ahoy!"

A small cat-boat with two women and a man in it was scudding down the lake, and the involuntary Crusoe yelled himself hoarse. But the wind was against him, and the cat-boat held its course toward Wahaska, heeling smartly to the flaws.

Griffin climbed the bluff and measured his chance of escape in a glance that boxed the compass. Off to the southward a steam-launch was making for the hotel pier, but there was no other craft in sight save the cat-boat. Whereupon he refilled his pipe and prepared to take the consequences of his carelessness philosophically, as he did most things.

"I guess I'm safe to make a night of it, but it won't be the first night I've slept out of doors. All the same, I hope this wind won't blow up a rain. I wonder if I couldn't rig up a shelter of some kind under the lea of this kingdom of mine."

Coming down to the bluff edge to see, his attention was once more drawn to the yawing cat-boat. The wind was

coming in sharper flaws, and the seamanship of the man at the tiller of the small craft was a thing to be admired. He was evidently making for one of the private landings below the hotel, and as the boat came under a hill-broken lea of the shore the alternating gusts and lulls called for a quick eye and steady nerves. Griffin was a bit of a sailor himself, and he gave the unknown skipper of the cat-boat his due meed of praise.

"By Jove! he's no freshwater sailor. Most of these countrymen up here would have had that sail double-reefed long ago. I wonder who he is?"

The answer to the query was suggested when the cat-boat came up into the wind at the small pier on the water front of the Farnham grounds, and the suggestion was as the spark of fire to a train of powder. There was a swift succession of minor explosions as the spark ran along the train of conclusions in the detective's mind, and then the crash of a great one. Griffin sat down on the edge of the bluff and held his head in his hands.

"Heavens and earth! What wooden-headed tobacco-signs we all are when it comes to a show-down!" he ejaculated. "Here I've been agonizing over this thing for a month when the answer to all the answerless questions has been parading in plain sight every day. I said when I should have found Miss Farnham's lover I should have my man, but I had to be marooned out here in the middle of the lake before I could put two and two together. Mr. Kenneth Griswold—*alias* anything you please—it will be unlucky for you if you can't prove up on your record."

From apostrophising the man to observing his movements at long range was but a step, and Griffin whipped a field-glass from his pocket and focussed it upon the boat and the Farnham pier. He saw the big sail shiver

down, and a moment later Griswold handed the two young women up to the pier. There was a little pause, apparently of expostulation, on the part of the women, and then the big sail went up again, flapping and shivering in the wind like a huge white flag. The cat-boat edged away from the pier, fell off, came about, and pointed its sharp cutwater straight for the island. Griffin shortened the glass and dropped it into his pocket.

"Well now; that's more than good-natured," he muttered. "You may be a robber of banks, Mr. Griswold, but you've got a kind heart in you."

When the rescuer's purpose to bring up under the lea of the island became evident, the castaway scrambled down the low bluff and made his way around the southern point to be ready to climb aboard. The boat doubled the northern sand-spit and it was waiting for him in the sheltered cove behind the island when he came in sight of it. Griswold hailed him cheerfully.

"Thought you had come across another skipper Ireson, didn't you, when we went on and left you? I saw you waving, but the young ladies were a little nervous and I thought I'd better land them and come back after you. Can you make it from that log?"

Griffin could make it and did; and a moment afterward the cat-boat shot out from the island shelter, put her lea gunwale under, and showed her bottom strake to the setting sun. Griffin crawled aft and balanced himself on the uptilted weather rail beside the helmsman.

"You have the courage of your convictions," he remarked, nodding upward at the full sheet of the straining sail. "I looked to see you reef before you put out again."

"I know the boat," was Griswold's rejoinder. And then; "I hope you are not nervous."

"Not at all; I've sailed a little myself."

"Good. We'll get it decently fresh when we are out in the open, but we'll make it all right."

The prophecy was fulfilled in both halves, but the detective held his breath more than once before the cat-boat had thrashed its way through the perilous middle passage of the open lake to the calmer water in Wahaska Bay. At the pier he helped his rescuer make fast and stow the sail, and they walked up town together. At the hotel entrance Griffin introduced himself by name and made shift to thank the man whom he meant to bring to justice.

"I owe you one, Mr. Griswold," he said, at the hand-grasp, "and I'm afraid I shall never be able to pay it in kind."

Griswold laughed. "It is not a very heavy obligation. At the worst you might have had an uncomfortable night of it."

"Perhaps it wouldn't have been any worse than that. Well, maybe I can save you an uncomfortable night sometime. Won't you come in and smoke a cigar?"

Griswold thought at first that he would not, and then changed his mind. He was invited to dinner at Doctor Farnham's, but it was yet early. Now there is nothing like good tobacco for speeding an acquaintance between two men, and Griffin's single extravagance ran to fine brands of cigars. So the chat in the hotel office went hither and yon, and finally came down to the topic which was at that moment engrossing the town—the strike at the Iron Works.

"They are a hard-headed lot of fools," said Griswold, not without warmth, when he came to speak of the strikers. "They are just like all the rest; they don't know when they

are well off. We meant to go into the profit-sharing with them next year, but the way they are acting now you would think that Raymer and I were their sworn enemies."

"Violence?" queried the detective.

"Threats of it, plenty of them."

"What will you do?"

"We haven't decided yet, but my idea is to import what labor we need and go on."

"That will be pretty sure to make trouble, won't it?"

"Oh, I suppose so. But we've got to fight it out, sooner or later."

"No chance for a compromise, eh?"

"Not in the least, now; in fact there never was any. Their demands were most unreasonable."

"So I think," said Griffin, coolly.

Griswold looked at his companion curiously. "I thought you were a new-comer," he said.

"I am; but I was here before the strike began, and I've looked into it a little—just for idle curiosity's sake, you know. There's a good-sized nigger in the wood-pile, and I've been wondering if you and Raymer knew about it."

Griswold glanced around to make sure that no one else was within hearing. "The men were stirred up to it, you mean?"

Griffin nodded.

"Raymer said as much, but I couldn't believe it."

"It's a fact," said the detective, with the same air of assurance; "a fact susceptible of proof."

Griswold came awake to the possibilities in a flash.

"Could you prove it?" he asked.

"Perhaps; if I wanted to."

The defender of the rights of man puffed thoughtfully at the good cigar for a moment. Then he said: "Who are you, anyway, Mr. Griffin?"

The detective's smile was no more

than a grimace. "Perhaps I am the walking delegate of the Amalgamated Ironworkers," he suggested.

"Perhaps you are, but I don't believe it," Griswold rejoined. And then he apologized. "I had no right to ask the question, and I beg your pardon. But I'd give a good bit to be at the true bottom of this strike business."

"You are at it already if you will take your partner's word and mine. The whole thing is a put-up job to break you."

"But the proof," insisted Griswold.

"It can be had, as I said; but it is immaterial. Just go on the supposition that a certain capitalist is trying to smash you, and act accordingly."

"But if your supposition is the true one, we should be only postponing the evil day by giving in to the men. If this man whom you and Raymer suspect has stirred up trouble once, he can do it again."

This time Griffin's smile was child-like.

"There is one sure way to tie his hands, and I wonder that it hasn't occurred to you," he said.

Griswold laughed. "We are not big enough to buy him off."

"It doesn't ask for money; it asks for a little finesse. The man we are talking about is a law unto himself, but there is a power behind the throne."

"His daughter, you mean?"

"Yes."

Griswold puzzled over it for a moment, and then said: "I don't see the application."

"Don't you? Well, I'll tell you. If this young lady knew what is going on, she'd stop it."

"Why should she?"

"I'm not going into particulars," laughed Griffin. "If you can be Ned Raymer's partner without knowing what the whole town is talking about, a stranger couldn't give you a pointer."

"By Jove!" said Griswold, as one incredulous; but a little later, when he got up to take his leave, he thanked the observant one.

"Don't mention it," said Griffin. I may have to do you an ill turn some day, and this will serve to show that I'm not malicious. Are we square on the score of the uncomfortable night I might have had?"

"Rather more than square," Griswold acknowledged; and he went his way with many new stirrings of the conscience-pool.

The detective stood at the hotel entrance and watched his late rescuer out of sight. After which he went in and had speech with the clerk.

"Griswold stopped a while with you when he first came here, didn't he?" he asked.

"Yes; he was here sick for awhile."

"When was that?"

"It was some time last spring."

"Could you give me the date?"

The clerk could and did, or thought he did. But it was surely the very irony of chance that some one should distract his attention at the critical moment of date-fixing, making him miss-call the month and so give Griswold thirty days more of residence in Wahaska than he had really had. Griffin's eyes narrowed, and grew hard; and then a slow smile took the hardness out of them. He turned away to climb the stair to the dining-room, and the smile outlasted the ascent.

"I'm damned if I'm not glad of it!" he confided to the hat-rack when he was going in to his dinner. "But it knocks me silly just when I was sure I had my man. I wonder when I can get a train out of this dead-alive town?"

XXIV.

The threatened storm had blown over, and the moon was shining fair and full upon a placid lake when the

family dinner-party at Doctor Farnham's adjourned to the veranda. Griswold and the Raymers were the only guests, and in the marshalling of chairs Griswold was skilful enough to cut Charlotte out of the group and so secure her for himself.

At the dinner-table the talk had turned upon the pivotal point of the strike, but that subject was coming to be pretty well threshed out, and on the veranda Charlotte spoke of the wind-blown incident of the afternoon, and of the castaway on Oak Island.

"It was a terribly reckless thing for you to do—to go out after him in the 'Sprite,'" said Miss Farnham.

Now next to being exalted as a demigod by the woman of his choice, a man loves best to have her believe him fearless. So Griswold dismissed the matter lightly.

"What is a man a man for?" he asked. "But as for that, the danger isn't worth mentioning."

"You may think so, but Gertrude and I did not. We stood up here on the veranda and watched you, going and coming. Gertrude says I pinched her black and blue grabbing her and saying, 'Oh, she's gone!' when the scud or a big wave would hide you."

Here was a small admission which no mere human sympathy could account for, and Griswold pinched himself black and blue in the ecstasy of it. It was coming, slowly, perhaps, but surely, and the name of it was love.

"But think of it," he said, willing to make that string vibrate some more; "think of how you and Miss Gertrude would have shone in the borrowed effulgence of me if I had been capsized. The 'Morning Argus' would have had you out to identify the remains, and—"

"Oh, please hush!" she said, and her hand was on his arm; whereupon he went obediently from the grewsome to the matter-of-fact.

"Really, there wasn't any danger worth speaking of; and the fellow was glad enough to be picked up, I assure you."

"Who was he?" she asked.

"No one whom you know; a man named Griffin—a summerer, I fancy."

"I do know him," she asserted. And then; "I don't like him."

Griswold was both puzzled and curious.

"May I ask how and why?—how you came to meet him, and why you don't like him?"

She was silent while one might count a score, and when she spoke her rejoinder was a half reluctant question. "I wonder if I might dare to tell you about it?"

"I have been hoping that the time would come when you would dare to tell me anything."

She passed over the implication and went on following out her own thought. "It is rather dreadful, and I haven't told any one about my part in it; that is, not any one but this Mr. Griffin, and he had a right to ask," she said; and from this as a beginning she told him the story of the bank robbery in New Orleans, and of her part in the apprehension of the robber.

Griswold's lips were dry and there was an invisible hand clutching at his throat when she came to the end, but he made no sign.

"They arrested him at St. Louis, you say?"

"Yes; but he escaped again."

He moistened his lips to say: "I didn't hear of that—I mean I didn't read of it in the papers."

"Nor did I," she admitted. "This Mr. Griffin told me."

"Then he is a—a—"

"A detective; yes. It seems that he came to the conclusion that a woman had written the letter to Mr. Galbraith. He took the 'Belle Julie's'

passenger list and sought out every one of the women on it till he came here and found me. I was sorry, but I had to tell him what I knew."

"Of course. But why should you be sorry?"

"How can you ask! Is it so light a thing to help ever so little to set a snare for the poor fellow!"

Griswold's laugh was almost harsh. "I shouldn't waste any sympathy on him if I were you. He is a hardened criminal, by his own admission to you."

"No, he was not that," she said quickly. "I understood him better than that—better than I have made you understand him. He was not a hardened criminal."

Griswold's blood, which had been slowly turning to ice in his veins, began to thaw again at that.

"Then you don't condemn him utterly? You are willing to admit that his own conscience may have acquitted him?"

"I am very sure that it did; or, at least, I am sure that his own point of view was so obscured by what he had suffered that he could not rightly see the guilt of the thing he had done."

"But you saw the guilt of it?"

"How could I help seeing it?"

"True. There is no excuse for him."

"I shouldn't say that. There may be many excuses for him."

"But no justification?" He tried hard to make the saying of it an impersonal abstraction, succeeding so well that she did not remark the note of despairing eagerness.

"Certainly not. Nothing could justify such a deed of lawlessness."

It was as he had prefigured. Her womanly pity had in it the quality of mercy. It went out toward the law-breaker as the divine compassion enfolds even the impenitent sinner. But her conscience arraigned and condemned him.

He bowed his head and went dumb before the woman who had judged him, but when he would have changed the subject he found it mightier than his will to break away from it.

"Your verdict is doubtless that of the world," he said. "And from what you tell me, I fancy the end is in sight. They will soon run him down."

"Oh! Do you think so?" she quavered, and her voice, and the tears in it, were of womanly inconsistency.

"Surely. This man Griffin has made a long step on the way to the end. When he discovers the identity of the man who talked to you on the 'Belle Julie', the world won't be big enough for the fugitive to hide in."

She caught her breath in a little gasp. "And it was I who set the hunt upon him; not only once, but twice."

Then it was Griswold forgot his peril and turned comforter. "You mustn't grieve about it," he said gently. "You have done no more than your plain duty. He made you do it in the first instance; he would have made you do it in the second, if he could have known the circumstances."

She turned upon him quickly, and he dared not look into her eyes. "How do you know he did that?" she queried; and though he would not trust himself to look, he felt all that he might have seen if he had lifted his eyes to her face. But he was equal to the emergency which his slip had brought upon him.

"You forget what you have just been telling me."

"Did I tell you that too? I didn't mean to." She paused and looked away from him, adding: "And—and I don't believe I did."

He laughed. "Then I must have read your thoughts. How else could I have known it?"

"I don't know," she said absently;

and at the end of the silence which fell upon them the talk went back to the strike.

"I am in pretty deep water," Griswold confessed, when the present hopeless state of affairs had been fully recounted for Charlotte's benefit. "My responsibility is heavier than Ned's. He wanted to compromise with the men and I wouldn't agree to that. Now I am well assured of the cause—which he only suspects; and I know the remedy—which I am not brave enough to apply."

"Tell me about it," said Charlotte, with simple directness.

"I hardly know how to begin. It will be fairly incredible to you. Had you ever thought that the trouble might go deeper than mere dissatisfaction on the part of the men?"

"No. Does it?"

"Much deeper. The strike is nothing less than a part of a conspiracy to ruin us."

"A conspiracy!"

"That is what I said, but the word doesn't fit. It takes two to conspire, and the attack on us is instigated by one man. You will know who he is when I say that his motive is greed, pure and unalloyed."

She nodded slowly. "I know. But the motive isn't altogether avarice."

"What else could it be?"

She defined it in one word: "Pique."

Griswold did not pretend to misunderstand.

"So I thought, at first. But that involves a woman as well as a man, and from something which I learned today I am inclined to doubt the woman's complicity; to question whether she knows anything about it."

But at this point Charlotte the compassionate became Miss Farnham the austere.

"You may be very sure she knows all about it. If she ever sets up a crest—and even that won't be beyond her—the motto for it will be 'Rule or Ruin.'"

Griswold was beginning to doubt the advisability of any further confidences in the Grierson field, but his evil genius urged him to defend Margery.

"Isn't that a little uncharitable?" he ventured.

The tone was placable enough, as it was meant to be, but Charlotte was only a woman, and Griswold had been very much in evidence with Miss Grierson of late, on the high-swung trap and in the Grierson steam launch. So she said rather coldly: "I may seem uncharitable to you, and I am sorry I said it. But we are wandering. You say you know the remedy for your trouble and Ned's. What is it?"

Now Griswold was not any braver than other men when it came to facing a woman piqued, but since she had taken him unawares he must needs lose his head and say: "It is a personal appeal to this young woman whom you don't like."

The Raymers were rising to go, and she rose too, meeting his frank avowal with a toss of the superb head.

"By all means make it," she advised, icily. "You owe it to—to—"

"To Ned?" he suggested.

"Certainly not; to yourself."

And with that, she turned away to say good-night to the others. That was all, save that she did not give her hand to Griswold at parting.

(To be continued)





SLEEP IN ART

By E. Valisé

*"Sleep! To the Homeless, thou art Home—
The friendless find in thee a friend:
And well is he, where'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end."*

THE lethargy when organs of sense, locomotion and some of the intellectual powers are in complete repose has always appealed to artists. The greatest galleries of the world are full of sculptures and carvings representing the sleep of infancy, of full grown vigor, and of death itself. It was the starving artist in Paris who scraped enough pittance together to pay the wages of a Neapolitan child, and then sketched her while she slept, who won instant fame at the hands of the Salon when the finished result was

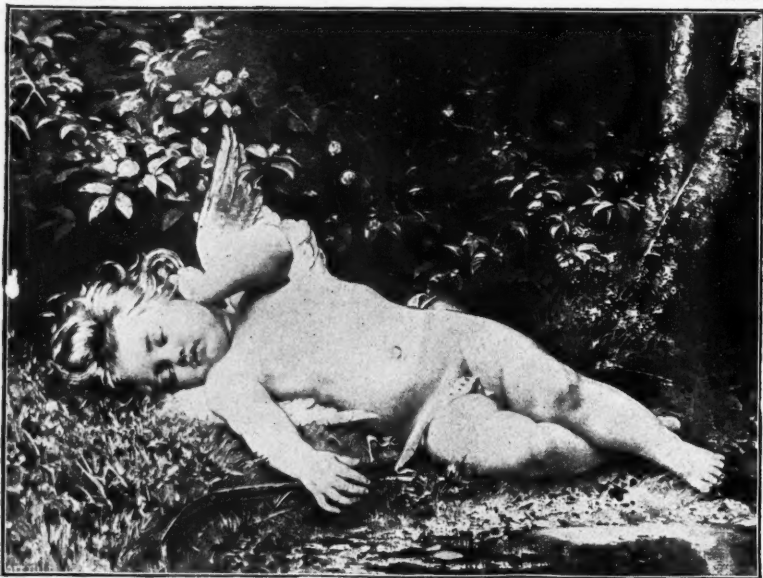
shown. It was L. Perrault who made the greatest successes with his "Awakening Love" and "Sleeping Love." No such pictures of child life, aside from the marvellous posings by Bonguereau and his equally talented wife (nee Gardner) are shown anywhere. No more enchantingly treated canvas exists than the tired little wonder-worker—this king of hearts,

*"This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,—
Regent of love riddles, Lord of the folded arms,
The anointed Sovereign of sighs and tears,"*

whom Shakespeare has otherwise apostrophized so often. Its companion piece, painted by Perrault in 1891, represents Cupid in another bower, this time with rose blooms about him,

CUPID ASLEEP

Perrault



being awakened by shafts of light from a sun well in the ascendant, and by fluttering birds, perched close to him and showing no fear of their winged human companion. It is amazing with what power the artist depicts the complete abandon of human flesh relaxed in sleep in one case, and the awakening roundness of limbs, the sleepy reluctance of recovery in the other.

With the picture of "Oversleeping," another and almost as charming a phase of child life is shown, touched with a brush of fine humor. The shepherd boy guarded by his faithful dog, so used to the bleating of his charges that he awakens with even greater reluctance than the sleeper in the rose bower, is caught in the most picturesquely unexpected surroundings. The boy has a bent for art himself, and the specimens of his handiwork, crude though they are, show a vigor of treatment that may bring the artist from the shepherd's crook to the

Royal Academy in time! This picture is singularly suggestive of the famous stable-interior by Gebler called "Art Critics," this time without other human suggestions than the deserted color-box, palette, brushes and faithful dog of the artist—an amusing commentary upon the ability of those who cast the "sheep's eyes" of criticism upon Art in general.

Speaking of the Royal Academy reminds one of a prophetic remark made by Thackeray in 1852 in a letter to Millais:—

"I have met in Rome a versatile young dog named Leighton, who will run you hard for the presidency (meaning that of the Royal Academy) one day." In time the "young dog" became not only president of the Royal Academy, (preceding Millais, in 1879) but just 25 days previous to his death, in January, 1896, was raised to the peerage in recognition of his monumental services to art. Among the

OVERSLEEPING

Otto Gebler



most representative specimens of Leighton's skill are the languorous "Summer Moon" and the romantic "Cymon and Iphigenia." In each of these the reclining grace of the celebrated "Leighton women—gloriously tall" is most marked. However much he has depicted "sleep in art," his art itself was sleepless—tireless, from the time when, as a pupil of George Lance

in Paris, of Fillipo Meli in Rome, and of E. Steimele at Frankfort, he worked early and late, until his great picture "Cimabue" was hung at the Academy in 1855, and afterward purchased by his appreciative Queen. His special gift lay in the treatment of classical subjects with an almost heroic regard for the innate vigor of Greek outlines. In his pictures of sleep the

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

Leighton



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL

Liska



very outlines themselves become somnolent.

"Cymon" was exhibited first in the Royal Academy in 1884, and is now in the priceless collection of that liberal patron of art, W. Cuthbert Quilter, M. P. It represents the moment when the hitherto unimpressed attendant of Iphigenia,—

"the noblest nymph in all Diana's train,"

sees the lady with her companions of the hunt, sleeping in the twilight, and falls a victim to her charms. The "Summer Moon" was painted for the American Centennial Exposition of 1876.

Though the sleep of distress is seldom pictured, the atmosphere of sacred history is one which painters have loved from earliest times. Rarely is it so delicately interwoven with hu-

man sorrow as in the canvas by E. K. Liska where he takes for a theme the old story of the Egyptian bondwoman, Hagar, and her son Ishmael, wandering in the wilderness of Beersheba, with starvation staring her in the face, empty water bottle by her side. It is at a time when under other conditions,

*"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
The spirit drinks repose,"*

but the famished child sleeps the sleep of exhaustion on the arid Syrian sands, while the despairing mother prays for the relief soon to be hers, hard by.

The moon, rising from behind the Dead Sea and the mountains of Judah, is the Heavenly messenger sent to light the mother's way to the well from which she is to draw nourishment and hope for her son, the promised forerunner of a great people.



RURAL SERVICE STARTING FROM ALBION, MICH., IN APRIL, 1900



WHAT RURAL FREE DELIVERY IS DOING

By Hon. Perry S. Heath, First Assistant Postmaster-General

PERHAPS my strong personal interest in the Rural Free Delivery service makes me more sanguine than others as to the possibilities of its future development. It has sprung from childhood to mature growth as rapidly as the mangrove trees do under the manipulation of East Indian jugglers, in the three years since the experiment was placed under my charge by President McKinley and by my immediate chief, the postmaster-general.

Already the correspondence which the department receives in regard to Rural Free Delivery exceeds in bulk and diversity that of any other branch of the post office service, and it increases day by day. The people are moving in the matter. The growth comes up from the sub-soil. It is not an orchid, nurtured in the heated air

of a conservatory, but a sturdy plant, raised on the American farm, and fruitful beyond the expectations of its most ardent cultivators. Congress and the Post Office Department are simply following the lead of the people and are endeavoring to carry out their behests.

There seems to be an impression, among a few persons in Congress and elsewhere, that Rural Free Delivery is a kind of fancy or luxurious service. Those who raise objection to the free delivery of mail in rural communities forget that for a third of a century the farmers of our country have submitted, without a murmur, to taxation for the purpose of maintaining free delivery in the large cities, from which taxation they receive no benefit. The people in the agricultural districts never com-

plained that city folks were given a service which could not be extended to them. They paid their taxes, sawed wood and said nothing. That is, they said nothing until the idea was brought home to them that all other countries gave their farmers a proportionate share of postal benefits, while the United States—the pioneer in so many fields of advancement—alone lagged behind among the great nations that had entered into the universal Postal Union at Vienna, adopted at our instance and signed in compliment to the United States on the Fourth of July, 1891, in giving full effect to the international obligation then entered into of delivering mails at the residences of the addressees. Finding now, as they do, that by reason of increasing density of population and improved roads they can be brought within the humanizing influences of the postal service, at less cost per capita than the people of the smaller cities, to whom free delivery has been accorded by law, can it be wondered at that they ask their just share of postal benefits!

The item of cost is almost the only tangible basis of opposition at this time, to the universal free delivery of the mails. I do not take into consideration the selfish and personal interest of a few postmasters, who may desire the retention of their post offices rather than the substitution of Rural Free Delivery.

When the question of expense was under discussion before a committee of Congress some time ago, a member of the committee who was then much opposed to the service (but who has since changed his mind) observed that this was a measure of extravagance which would finally lead the government into the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. When I asked why, he answered, because the vast

area of our country was such that the possibilities of Rural Free Delivery were beyond comprehension, and could not even be approximated. Then I inquired why this same argument had not led him to ask a repeal of the law extending free delivery to cities, inasmuch as that law made it mandatory to give free delivery to every city of 10,000 inhabitants or \$10,000 gross receipts. I suggested that there was no knowing to what extent of extravagance this expenditure might lead, with the enormous growth of our country. To this there was no reply. A further statement made in the course of the discussion, that the cost of delivering a piece of mail to a farmer on a rural delivery route, was less than half the cost per capita of initiating urban free delivery in the smaller cities was received, by some members of the committee, with expressions of surprise and incredulity. The discredit placed on the statement disappeared when figures demonstrated the fact. This is a point which is not generally known or understood. Rural Free Delivery is not a costly, fanciful service. Within the short time it has been in operation, it has given better results in increased postal receipts, and in economies effected over the colonial service it supersedes, than has been achieved, in the same length of time, in any small city where by operation of law free delivery has been established. It is susceptible of much greater development than it has yet received.

I believe that Rural Free Delivery might be established over the entire country in each of the states north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi, and that the cost would be less than that of the present service, and the receipts much larger. This question has been put to the test in Carroll county, Maryland, with re-

sults which have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The territory selected was not an ideal one for the experiment. It represented no especial advantages either in the condition of the roads or the character of the country, or the density and appreciative character of the population served. It was a fair average test, and it has succeeded. To what extent will be shortly officially reported.

Having said this much of the practicability of the service, let me touch upon the still more alluring topic of the benefits it will confer upon the people of the whole country. These are almost beyond description.

To begin with, what a boon it will be to have the isolation of rural life eliminated, and town and country brought into closest touch. We may confidently expect that the tide of population which now sets steadily from the country into the overpopulated cities, will in a brief period be reversed, and the free air and wholesome avocations of country life, relieved of their desolate monotony, will become as attractive to the children of the slums as the varieties of city life now are to the offspring of the farmer.

This generation has witnessed the marvelous commercial and industrial advantages which have followed the building of great trunk lines from ocean to ocean. Think how much greater will be the blessing brought close to the homes of the people when good, free agricultural roads, passable under all stress of weather and at all seasons of the year, shall stretch from one end of the country to the other. The old tolled turnpike is doomed. It exists only in a few states, and is even there regarded as obsolete. Rural Free Delivery will eventually impel the construction of free, macadamized agricultural roads all over the United States, so that a man, if he chooses,

can ride or drive from Boston to Omaha, or from Detroit to New Orleans. We are working in harmony with good roads conventions everywhere to secure proper roads for the rural carriers to travel over. Great results have already been achieved in this respect, and more may be expected. On one route alone, the farmers expended three thousand dollars for the improvement of roads, as a prerequisite to the establishment of Rural Free Delivery. The increased demands for the extension of rural service place the department in a position where it can insist, in future,

RURAL FREE DELIVERY MAIL BOX AND TEAM



that good roads shall be a prerequisite to any order for the establishment of Rural Free Delivery. This course has practically been determined upon. If we are to have free good roads wherever we have Rural Free Delivery, and this service should be extended in the future as rapidly as it has been during the present year, what a splendid prospect is opened up!

The direct advantages conferred on the immediate recipients of Rural Free Delivery are as obvious as the general benefits received by the country at large. Farm lands enhance in value by being made more accessible. Crops bring better prices, because the growers can get their daily market reports and learn exactly just what their produce is worth. Daily papers

and the numerous excellent and wholesome magazines now published bring a liberal education within reach of the farmer's children at little cost. The wife can do her shopping at the country store, through the medium of the rural carrier, without leaving her

kinds of unworthy receptacles were put up for the United States mails. Now, boxes characterized by neatness and security, are the rule and not the exception. I am strongly of the opinion that the government should supply a regulation rural letter box and rent

SCENE ON A RURAL FREE DELIVERY ROUTE



house. The good man has no excuse for laying off half the day and wasting time and money at the village grocery on the pretext of seeing if there is any mail awaiting him. Relatives at a distance can write often with assurance of prompt delivery of their letters and early replies. Family affection is thus kept alive and kind feelings are engendered.

As the rural service progresses it is taking on symmetry and uniformity. When it started, drainage pipes, tomato cans, soap boxes, and all other

it for a small fixed annual charge to each patron. This development of the service may come in a short time.

Few of the original carriers adopted any uniform. Regulation uniforms and special conveyances are now becoming frequent adjuncts of the service.

The rapid changes and improvements already made in the service during the short period of its existence encourages the hope that its future growth and development will be even more remarkable than its past.



GENERAL VIEW OF ZANZIBAR, EAST AFRICA



COLONIZATION EXPERIMENTS IN EAST AFRICA

By Peter McQueen

Personal Experiences of "The National Magazine" Globe Trotter, en route to the Transvaal via the Suez Canal

LORENZO MARQUEZ, May 10, 1900

OUR first landing place was 1500 miles from here, down near the Equator, at Mombasa, an English colony only a few years old. Mombasa lies on a coral island. It was my first impression of tropic Africa. A line of green and smiling hills, like Massachusetts in June, did not convey to me the terror and horror of the Africa of my childhood. Near Mombasa is a splendid bay called Kilindini Harbor—one of the best in Africa. The red flag of the Sultan of Zanzibar floats as far into the interior as Narakina—thirty miles inland. The country extends from Somali to German East Africa, and is protected by England. The protectorate has lasted only a few years, but already there are over 300 miles of railroad finished and 220 miles more projected. This line runs to Lake Victoria, the largest lake in Africa, 200 miles long and 200 miles wide. Eventually it will meet the railway coming down from Khartum; so that not only will the Lake Victoria terminus of this road join the Cairo-to-the-Cape Railway, but it will form a highway to India in case the Suez Canal should ever be blocked.

There are good signs of gold and precious metals, but no prospecting is

as yet allowed on either side of the road. The idea is that the government will be certain of the location of the minerals before anyone settles permanently on public lands. Thus the South African muddle already bears the fruit of the tree of wisdom. Wherever the English get a foothold, they at once erect, not governments, but trade. Thus, while the Germans have only forty miles of railroad in all East Africa, the English, who have held Mombasa for a less period of years, have 358 miles finished. America is not the only place where there is corruption in public works. This Mombasa railway is costing 12,000 pounds a mile, when it is well-known that it ought not to cost over 3,000 pounds. The Englishmen of Mombasa told me of immense swindling—the famous escarpment at Kikuyu cost 100,000 pounds more than was necessary. Nevertheless, the line is advancing, and will be a grand factor in opening up this fine country to trade and civilization.

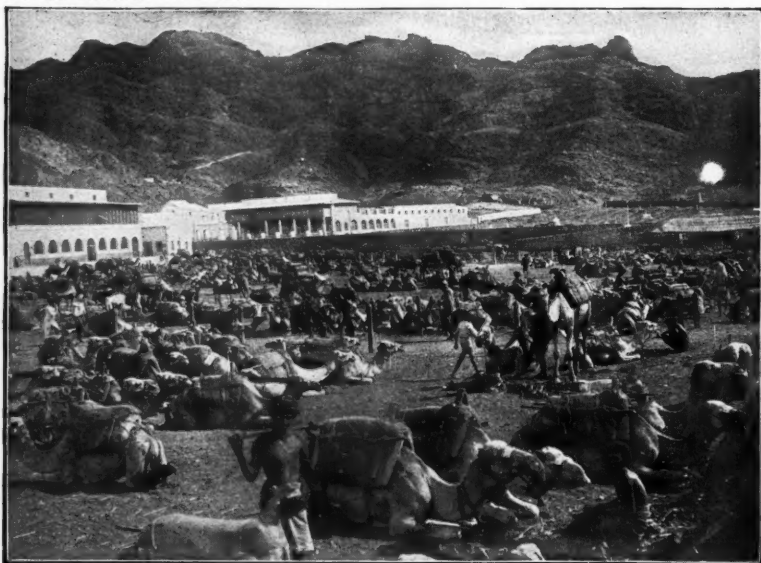
A few days brought us to Tanga, the German East African colony. Here are good streets and clean natives, a Protestant Lutheran mission, and all the aspects of an aspiring Ger-

man town. We went in a terrific tropic rain back into the interior. There were endless groves of palms, and birds with rainbow tinted plumage; the bulbul, and the bird of paradise, the thrush and the wild-dove—here the flash of sunny pinions; there the gleam of snowy wings. Through the wild wet tangle we trudged after our Sueheli guide. At last we came to a river. The guide plunged in. Our party was composed of seven Red

played till midnight in the beer garden. Beer is the favorite drink in the German colonies; whiskey and soda in the English. These two drinks do more to break down the health of the colonists than all the fever and hot summers of equatorial climes.

The Germans keep the natives well in hand. These ebony folk are more respectful and quiet at Tanga than at Mombasa. Drink is not allowed to be sold to the Suehelis. The Lutheran

CAMEL MARKET IN ADEN



Cross men from Germany. The leading doctor leaped after the guide. I thought to see him snatched by a crocodile, but *mirabile dictu*, he got over in safety. We rushed after him up to our necks in the muddy creek. The water was cool and fresh. Along our route we noticed good bridges half built, and macadamized roads, built, as we were told, by the convicts, for Germany has no weak scruples about setting her vagabonds to work. Our ship's band came ashore at Tanga and

missionaries are said to be the strongest factor for law and order in Tanga. A young school-master, a missionary and two lady teachers came on our ship to Tanga. Their church is a handsome stone building. On our morning walk we met the children going to school, and these knew some of the German language, but the older people did not understand it at all. The German East African Company have had full control of this section and to-day their money is the only

coin used in Tanga. The money of Germany is refused in a German colony. But the Kaiser is going to put an end to this anomaly; and in two years the company shall cease, and the German empire shall be all in all. Tanga has been a German colony since 1884, the oldest one of the Kaiser's empire.

The island of Zanzibar was our next stage. It was formerly under German protection, but was ceded to England

faces and voices—quaint houses and many smells; Hindoo, Greeks, English, French, Americans, a twisted and contorted stream of faces—a mosaic of many races and of many ages, such is Zanzibar. Most of the people are fat, well-favored and dirty—fierce in odor and vilely obese. The Hindoo coolies have much of the trade.

Just the opposite to Zanzibar is Dar-es-Salaam, the German colony, three hours' sail further down the coast.

NATIVE LIFE IN ZANZIBAR, EAST AFRICA



for the island of Helgoland in the North Sea. There is great trade in this old Arab city. Near the pier two mastheads look above the sea. These belong to the Sultan's battle-ship "Glasgow," which was sunk by the English war-vessel "St. George" when the British bombarded His Highness in 1895.

Everything here is busy business. Old winding streets like Damascus, strange Arab church-yards poking their unwelcome noses into the heart of the people's life; markets, strange

Beautiful harbor, but no business. Elegant houses, but the homes of officials. Lovely gardens, straight avenues of pepper and palm-trees, gems of scenery set in emerald lands. Waved the palm, a vignette on a sky of violet, lapped the waves on coral sands.

The Benedictine monks have elegant buildings, and the government has a factory where everything can be made from a hob-nail to a Krupp cannon. Dar-es-Salaam is the finest place we have seen; and when the German

government arouses itself to the necessity of peopling the colonies with German farmers and peasants, these forlorn lands shall be as the garden of the Lord.

From the best authorities in these parts I learn that the Boers never

numbered quite 40,000 and that most of their battles were fought at five against one. The fight of Elandsgate was lost because some Germans got drunk and 500 insisted on attacking an English position of 8,000. One of the dead Boers had seventeen lance wounds. All who know the Boers say they will fight to the bitter bloody death.

There are 3,000 women drilling and a regiment of sharpshooters among them has been organized. General Joubert was against allowing women to fight and sent home a contingent of female volunteers just before his death. General Botha is the Funston of the Boer army, and it is

not known what he will do about the Amazon fighters.

We passed four British man-of-war in entering Delagoa Bay, but they let us alone. About six weeks ago one of these ships tried to stop a French steamer of the "Messageries Mari-

times" line, but the hot-blooded Frenchman steamed up and ran into port keeping out of gun-shot of his pursuer. He complained to the consul at Lorenzo Marquez, and it is said the consul sent a warm message to each one of the English captains in the Bay. The Boers, I understand, have remodelled the captured English guns and

made them into quite serviceable Creusot guns. A young American engineer named Norris, with whom I have been talking, is the assistant of M. Leon and together they repair the Boer cannon and re-make the English.

At the present writing 3000 men of the Bushman Corps and 1900 horses have been landed. Nine thousand more are expected; it will require between thirty and forty ships to bring them with their horses, provisions and baggage.

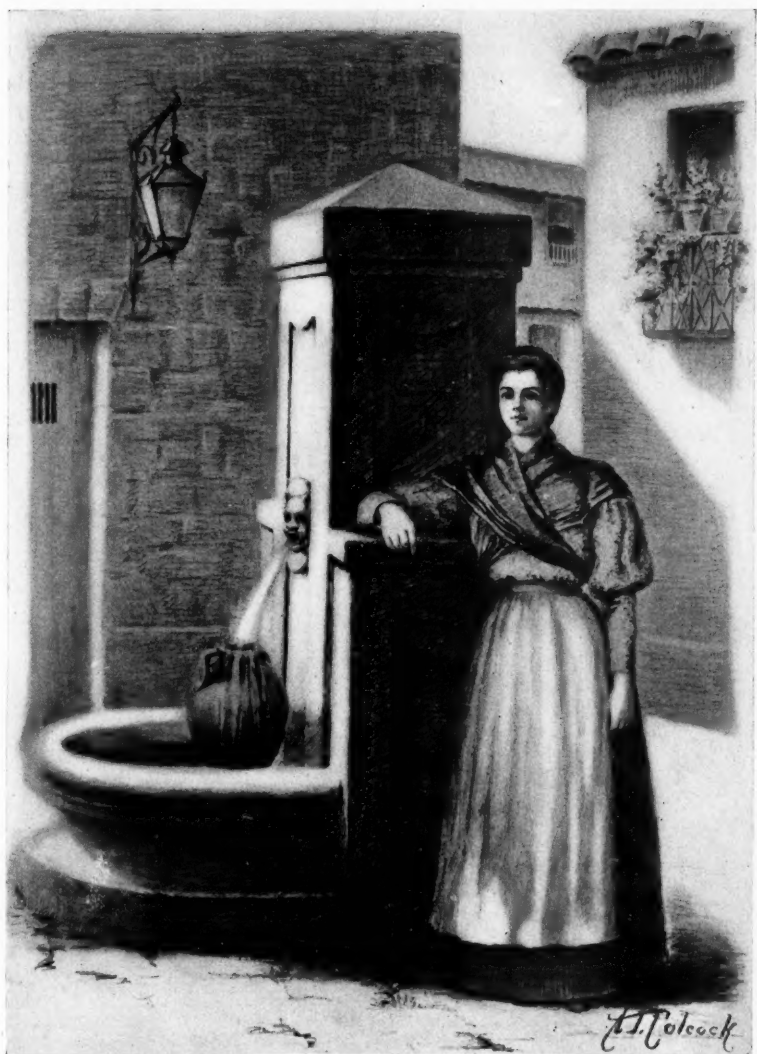
It is generally conceded that there will be a hot fight at Johannesburg and Pretoria. Five hundred young Boers have sworn an oath to die or destroy Johannesburg.

DR. HENDRICK MULLER OF THE HAGUE, CONSUL GENERAL FOR THE ORANGE FREE STATE



Mr. Joe M. Chapple
National Magazine
91 Bedford St. Boston Mass
United States America
From **COUTINHO BROTHERS.**





Drawn by Annie T. Colcock

"Setting her water jar under the stream of the fountain, she waited for it to fill"—See page 356



THETIS amid the Aegean's billows blue,
Ages ago charmed gods and men like you.
Graceful, strong-limbed, her lover lives again,
By art made deathless, 'mid the sons of men.
But rash indeed the artist-wight would be,
Who dared to limn thy hero-love by thee.

Charles W. Hall



Drawn by Annie T. Colcock

"The erect old man, with the silvery hair, came down the nave, with the slight figure clinging to his arm"—See page 362

THE EMANCIPATOR OF A RACE

By Joseph Dana Miller

A WOMAN belonging to a race which, considered merely as the wards of a nation, had no rights at law, and who almost alone has accomplished the restoration of those rights, is a notable figure in Indian history. Such a task, with all it involves, resolutely undertaken and successfully accomplished, bespeaks no common degree of determination and intellectual and moral force. And Mrs. T. H. Tibbles, Ishta Theumba, or "Bright Eyes," is a woman of no ordinary qualities of mind and heart. A glance at a career that has given us a figure never to be omitted from any complete history of the Indian race in America is of more than transient interest.

"Bright Eyes" is the eldest daughter of Mary Gale and "Iron Eye," the famous Indian chieftain who negotiated

the treaty of 1854 between the Omahas and our government. She was born about forty years ago in the little Indian village that was the home of her tribe, a few miles from where the city of Omaha now stands, and she received the elementary part of her education at the little mission school of the Omahas. As she grew older, two books, the inspiration of the wisest and best of mankind, Shakespeare and the Bible, found their way into her mother's wigwam. Her father had seen that the salvation of the Indian called for the adoption of the white man's civilization and the learning of "the white man's ways."

The young girl who was to play so important part in her nation's history imbibed many of her ideas from this source. To get the knowledge taught in the white man's schools seemed too

remote a possibility to be dreamed of by the little Indian maiden in a frontier town, remote from civilization. The opportunity came, however, and she was permitted to enter the seminary of Miss Reed, at Elizabeth, New Jersey, a school in which the children of President Grant received their early education. Here she spent three years, and her remarkable ability to master and use the English language, to her a foreign tongue, was the astonishment of her instructors. At her graduation she read a paper which for the purity and

MRS. T. H. TIBBLES—"BRIGHT-EYES"



strength of its English called forth the highest praise of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, no mean judge in such matters. From Miss Reid's seminary the Indian girl, at the age of eighteen, entered Wellesley College. On taking leave of Wellesley, "Bright Eyes" threw herself, with all her natural ardor, into the work of legal redemption for her race.

"'Bright Eyes' has done more for the aborigines than all others combined," said Major General George Crook, who is himself regarded as one of the best friends the red man ever had among the conquering race.

In Boston she scored her greatest triumph, being the first woman to speak in Faneuil Hall.

In New England she won the friendship of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Edward Everett Hale, Louise Alcott, John D. Long and Helen Hunt Jackson, for whose notable novel, "Ramona," she furnished the suggestion and inspiration.

In 1883 her work bore its fruit in a law giving the Omahas the right of land in severalty. This was followed two years later by a law extending the same right to all Indian tribes.

Then came her trip abroad, where she spoke in Doctor Fraser's church in London, being the first woman to address an audience in that vast temple of worship. In England she made many friends, among them Lady Emma, sister of the Duke of Argyll.

Much of the success she achieved in her lecture tours was due to the cleverness and vividness of her descriptive powers. It was as if the faculty of unnumbered ancestors to receive indelibly upon the mind every detail of the picturesque lands through which the tribe journeyed, had been transmitted to this young girl, enabling her to convey, with the same vividness to her hearers, what she herself had seen

and felt. The consciousness of the transmission of this faculty from a long line of Indian ancestors is to Mrs. Tibbles an inspiring thought, since it argues dormant powers in the Indian which may yet manifest themselves in the literary and artistic life of her people. It may be with such a thought in her mind that Mrs. Tibbles has lately devoted herself to art, studying with Miss Cora Parker, of the Nebraska State University Studio, with all the passionate enthusiasm of the born artist. Mrs. Tibbles has retired from the lecture platform. She considers that she has completed the work she set out to do, and modestly shrinks from public notice now that her great life-work is finished. She has lived for several years in domestic retirement in the city of Lincoln, with her husband, T. H. Tibbles. Eight years have gone by since she addressed an audience. Nothing could induce her to do so again, except some cause that involved the well-being of her people.

Such, in brief outline, is the career of one of the most remarkable women of this century. She has gained the friendship of the best and brainiest men and women of two hemispheres, and she has had the rare good fortune to see the cause to which she gave her girlhood years triumphant in the laws of the land.

There is much in her life story that is of inspiration, nothing more so, perhaps, than the unquenchable enthusiasm of her early years for knowledge. She told the writer that when the term at Miss Reid's school was closed, and she returned to her father's people, the poverty of her surroundings bore upon her like lead. The whole intellectual world had been opened, only to be closed upon her; she was suddenly cast upon an intellectual desert, where caravans plying between oases of civilization seldom came.

CHINA AND THE SECRET WILL OF PETER THE GREAT

By Captain Charles Winslow Hall

WHAT will be the result of the great upheaval of society in China to-day? What is Russia's real purpose, and what advantages will she realize from the terrific struggle in which so many nations are involved?

Two centuries ago, or to be more exact, in 1690, Peter, since justly surnamed The Great, succeeded to the throne of Russia. A burly, robust, half-civilized, uneducated boy-prince, handicapped by bigotry and strong animal passions, and in his early reign menaced by intrigues of the most dangerous character, he had, nevertheless, a strong intellect, a stronger will and a full measure of that practical common sense, which now and then in

THE COSSACK, SOLDIER AND FRONTIER SETTLER



the world's history has been known to characterize a ruler of great provinces. . . . At the outset of his career his territories, although large, were shut in on all sides from the sea, and no people seemed less likely to possess commercial and naval power than the Russians. On the east and southeast Persian and Tartar, Kirghiz, Bashkir, Kabardan and Geor-

gian pressed hard upon his frontiers; on the south and southwest the Turk and his Tartar allies held the territories between his boundaries and the Black Sea; on the west Austria, Hungary, Poland and Germany forbade expansion; and on the north and northwest the Sweden of Charles XII., then at the zenith of his power, shut him out from the Baltic and threatened to curtail his already isolated domain.

Peter had neither fleet nor army worthy of the name. No nation in all Europe, except the English nation, prized his friendship or greatly feared his enmity; his troops were undisciplined and restive under control, and his resources were uncertain and the prey of hereditary officialism and deep-rooted corruption.

How he himself, wrought in English and Dutch shipyards, to secure a practical knowledge of naval and commercial shipbuilding, has been often told; as well as the story of the perils, intrigues, prejudices and ancient abuses which he averted or overthrew. Suffice it to say that at the date of his decease, February 10, 1725, he had destroyed the military prestige of Sweden, secured much of her territory on the eastern shore of the Baltic sea, established ports upon the sea of Azov and the Caspian, and created large and well appointed armies and fleets. He had been solemnly crowned at Moscow, "Emperor of all the Russias," and been hailed by his nobles and people as "The Father of his Country, Peter the Great."

Dying, he left to his descendants and successors a paper embodying the immense purposes which during his checkered career had sustained and impelled him. Lust, fanaticism, bigotry, indolence and intrigue have to a greater or less extent restricted the efforts of the rulers of his line; the wonderful and unexpected development of the race, and the wonderful political changes of the last century have modified and eliminated many of the conditions upon which the great Czar founded his policy; and Russia herself has to some extent recognized the impossibility of achieving in full the tremendous task assigned her. On the other hand, many of these changes have intensified the national resentment against European alliances, which have refused to Russia the naval and commercial advantages, indispensable to her prosperity and safety, and impelled Russian statesmen to seek by less apparent methods the triumph of those projects which every Russian sovereign since the time of Peter the Great has sought to attain. This ancient testament, pregnant with wars unending, and intrigues and disloyalties, without scruple, must be read and remembered by everyone who would understand aright the past history, and comprehend in some degree the trend of Russian policy, and its probable results in the Orient. The following version differs slightly from the French and German translations hitherto extant, but will be found to agree therewith in all material points:

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT

"In the name of the most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the Great,

Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., etc., to all our descendants and successors to the throne and gov-

A GROUP OF COSSACKS



ernment of the Russian nation," Greeting.

"God, from whom we derive our existence, and to whom we owe our crown, having constantly enlightened us by His Spirit, and sustained us by His divine help, allows me to look upon the Russian people as called upon hereafter to hold sway over Europe." My reason for thus thinking is that the European nations have mostly reached a state of old age, bordering on imbecility, or that they are rapidly approaching it; naturally then they will be easily and indubitably conquered by a people, strong in youth and vigor, especially when this latter shall have attained its full strength and power. I look upon the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the men of the north as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner regenerated the Roman nation by periodical invasions. The immigrations of men from the north are like the reflex of the Nile, which at certain periods comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposits. I found Russia a rivulet; I leave it as a river; my successors will make of it a great sea, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe, which its waters will overflow, in spite of the opposing barriers erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to direct the waves. This

is the reason that I leave them the following instructions. I give these to their vigilance and care, as Moses gave the tables of the law to the Jewish people.

I.

Keep the Russian nation in a state of continual warfare, so as to keep the army always disciplined and vigorous, and never allowing it to be inactive except when the finances of the state must be recruited. Keep the army strong; choose the most favorable moment for attack. By these means be ever ready for war in time of peace and prepare for peace in time of war, that you may advance the development and prosperity of holy Russia.

PETER THE GREAT



II.

Endeavor by every possible means to bring in from the more learned nations of Europe, officers in time of

war, and learned men in times of peace, thus giving the Russian people the advantages enjoyed by other countries, without allowing them to lose any of their own self-respect.

III.

On every occasion take part in the affairs and quarrels of Europe, above all in those of Germany, which country being the nearest, most immediately concerns us.

IV.

Divide Poland by exciting civil discord; win over the nobility by bribes; corrupt the diets and break them up so as to influence the election of their Kings; get partisans into public office and protect them; manage to secure the sojourn there of Russian troops, until the time comes when they may remain there forever. If neighboring powers object, appease them for the time by a division of the country with them until that can be retaken, which has been ceded them.

V.

Take as much as possible from Sweden; and induce her to attack you, that you may have a pretext for subduing her. To this end, alienate Denmark from Sweden, and Sweden from Denmark, carefully keeping up their rivalries.

VI.

Always choose as wives for the Russian princes, the princesses of Germany, so as to increase family alliances, draw closer mutual interests, and by propagating our principles in Germany, enlist her in our cause.

VII.

Seek especially a mercantile alliance with England, as being the power most interested in us on account of her shipping, and most available for the development of our own navy and commerce. Exchange our lumber and other produce for her gold, and promote be-

tween her merchants and sailors and our own a continual intercourse; this will aid in developing the Russian navy and merchant marine.

VIII.

Continually extend your territories toward the north, along the Baltic, and toward the south, along the Black Sea.

IX.

Approach as nearly as possible to Constantinople and its environs. He who shall reign there eventually, will be the true sovereign of the world. Therefore be always at war—now with the Turks, again with the Persians; establish dockyards on the Black Sea; get entire possession of it by degrees and also of the Baltic; this is a second point indispensable to the accomplishment of our design. Hasten the decline of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; establish, if possible, the ancient inter-commerce of the Levant through Syria, and make your way to the Indies—they are the emporium of the world. Once there you can do without the gold of England.

X.

Re-establish and carefully maintain an alliance with Austria; seem to favor her ambition to dominate Germany, but at the same time privately excite against her the jealousy of the neighboring principalities. Manage by some means to induce her to accept the aid of Russia, so that through our guardianship of her country you may prepare it for governance hereafter.

XI.

Give the house of Austria an interest for joining in an alliance to banish the Turks from Europe, but defraud her of her share, after the conquest of Constantinople, either by involving her in a war with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion, which you will recover at a future time.

XII.

Attach to yourselves and rally around you all the united, as well as the disunited and schismatic mem-



bers of the Greek church, who are scattered in Hungary, Turkey and the south of Poland. Make these a center of action, give them support and lay the foundation of an universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacerdotal aristocracy; the Schismatic Greeks will be so many allies scattered among your enemies.

XIII.

Sweden dismembered, Prussia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies united, the Black and Baltic Seas guarded by our fleets; you must make propositions, separately and discreetly; first to the Court of Marseilles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the world. If one accepts, and it cannot

be otherwise if you flatter their pride and ambition—make use of the one to crush the other: then crush in its turn the other by engaging with it in a death struggle, the issue of which cannot be doubtful. Russia will then possess all the Orient and a great part of Western Europe.

XIV.

If, as is not likely, both refuse the offers of Russia, you must excite quarrels between them and exhausting wars; then at a decisive moment Russia will inundate Germany with troops previously assembled along the frontier. At the same time two immense fleets will set out—the one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel—loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic, advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will overwhelm France on one side, while Germany will have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke without striking a single blow.

XV.

Then Europe can and ought to be subjugated.

PETER I.

Autocrat of all the Russias

The brief reign of his wife Catherine was terminated by death, May 6, 1727. Peter II., son of Alexius, reigned but three years, dying in 1730. He was succeeded by Anna Ivanovna, who, allied with Austria, fought against the Turks, and recaptured Azov, but owing to the defeat of Austria was obliged to relinquish all commerce in the Black Sea.

Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, was crowned in 1741, when all Europe was convulsed by the War of the Succession. Sensual and gross, in many things cruel and treacherous, she inherited much of the strength of her illustrious father. She extended and confirmed his conquests from Sweden; negotiated a treaty with Eng-

land which handsomely maintained a corps of 37,000 men and a fleet of fifty vessels, and in 1746 entered into a secret treaty with Austria against Prussia. In the Seven Years' War, after sundry victories and reverses, the Russian army in 1760 occupied Berlin and laid it under contribution for three days. She died January 5, 1762.

Peter III. succeeded her and seemed unlikely to follow the traditions of his house. He ended the war with Russia, showed a liberal spirit toward dissenters from the Greek church, and was fairly clean in life and amiable in character. He was deposed by his wife Catherine II., who usurped the throne July 9, 1762, and was made secure therein by the murder of her husband, eight days thereafter.

Catherine was not unmindful of the will. Lover succeeded lover in her affections, and crimes of deeper, darker dye made sure her hold upon the throne of Russia, but the star of Peter's ambition held her fancy and employed her warrior paramours and diplomatic lovers to the last. In 1764 one of these light-o'-loves, Stanislaus Poniatowski, whose parents were avowed Russian partisans, was chosen king of Poland, September 7, 1764, Kayserlingk having corrupted the great Polish nobles, Augustus and Michael Czartoryski. A year later Catherine demanded of Poland that Polish members of the Greek and Lutheran churches should be free to worship God as they chose, and threatened to avenge further persecution. The Polish Diet defied her by re-enacting the objectionable laws, and cabals and intrigue prepared the way for the partition of Poland, which was "pared like a cheese," the parings being distributed between Russia, Austria and Prussia in 1770.

In 1788, '89 and 1790, war raged between Russia and Sweden, but was

ended by the peace of Wærela, August 14, 1790. Catherine made peace with Turkey in 1792, and turned her attention to Poland, then beginning her last struggle for independence under the gallant Kosciuszko. His defeat in 1794 closed the history of Poland, and her territories duly allotted, expanded the empires of Russia, Prussia and Austria, King Stanislaus Poniatowski resigning his crown November 25, 1795.

His imperial mistress and evil genius, Catherine II., died November 17, 1796, having all her life followed faithfully all the policies outlined by the will, making Austria an useful tool of England without loss to herself, gradually eating into the domain of Sweden, annihilating Poland and securing new conquests from Tartar, Circassian and the "Asiatic hordes," which her successors were yet to let loose on fated Europe

Paul I., her successor, lacked the fiercer and more brutal characteristics of his dynasty, and failed to estimate aright the fanatical religious devotion of his subjects. He was murdered March 21, 1801.

Alexander I., who was fated to deal with Napoleon the Great, renewed the old treaty with England, but it is said, later, at Tilsit, made a secret treaty with Napoleon, by which Russia was to receive Turkey in Europe and Asia, and Mediterranean commerce was to be monopolized by Russia, Italy, France and Spain. Denmark's alliance with the same monarch tended to give Russia supreme control of the Baltic

and North Sea, and was the cause of Nelson's capture of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. The chief results of

A BALL AT THE WINTER PALACE



Alexander's intrigues and wars was the defeat of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and the loss of France as an active ally for a generation.

Nicholas I., in 1853, attempted to secure the aid of Austria and France against Turkey in punishing the persecution of the Greek and Catholic subjects of Turkey. France vacillated, Berlin was grimly silent, Austria remained neutral. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, November 23, 1853, was the chief result of this attempt "to approach Constantinople."

Nicholas died March 2, 1854, and

Alexander II. succeeded to the vast undertaking. The failure of his attack on Turkey, the invasion of the Crimea by English, French, Turkish and Sardinian levies, the long siege of Sebastopol and her fall, are recent history, as is that of his later and nearly successful advance on Constantinople in 1877 and 1878, in which the Russian boundaries were somewhat extended. He was assassinated by anarchists in March, 1881.

Alexander III. encouraged that persecution of the Jews, which drove them by myriads out of his dominions. He rescinded the pledges of exemption from military duties made by his predecessors to the Mennonites and discouraged all protestant or Catholic development. Under him, however, was pushed to the uttermost, that policy of Asiatic expansion which his father had begun by the practical annexation of Khiva in 1873 and Khokand in 1876. The triple alliance of Prussia, Austria and Italy in 1879-80, known as the Dreibund, and the alienation of France, by the unfriendly attitude of Russia during the Franco-Prussian war, made it evidently easier to strengthen the empire, by securing control of the Orient, than by methods exciting the armed resistance of united Europe.

In this development of Asiatic Russia, the Cossack has been the scout, skirmisher, and cavalryman of the regular forces, and the armed hunter, fisherman, herdsman, and farmer, whose garrison-villages hold what the army has conquered. Wherever the Persian, Afghan, or so-called Chinese frontiers, offer desirable lands and a reasonable security, the Cossack trooper settles, bringing with him the young and adventurous of his own race, or intermarrying with the people whom he proposes sooner or later to make vassals of Holy Russia. For over a cen-

tury this process has slowly but steadily Russianized the northern half of Asia with all the energy, religious fervor, and practical enterprise of a great people, directed by an autocracy which, while exacting unquestioning obedience, is itself the devoted servant of the stupendous projects of "the will of Peter of glorious memory."

When massacre and anarchy have done their worst in eastern China; when Japanese, English, French, German and American battalions and warships have perchance driven the Tartar dynasty from Peking and visited its atrocities on its Chinese subjects, it will, in all human probability, be realized that Manchuria's immense realm has been practically Russianized, and has given to the Czar myriads of stout and warlike infantry and cavalry furnished with modern arms and disciplined by Muscovite officers, themselves largely descended from those Tartar hordes who were once the scourge, and are now a part of the millions of warriors who serve the White Czar.

Of the nations whom Peter described as "bordering on extinction" Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Greece, Poland, Hungary, Spain and Portugal have ceased to be prominent factors in the polity of Europe; and Austria, Italy and France have all forfeited the military pre-eminence then accorded them. Prussia has become the central figure of European resistance, and England with her colonies is greater than ever.

But the nations and their rulers must still remember the significant peroration of the manifesto of Alexander II., when he came to the throne:

"By which we shall accomplish the projects and desires of our illustrious predecessors, Peter the Great, Catherine II., Alexander the Greatly Beloved and (Nicholas) our August Father of Imperishable Memory."

A SUMMER CRUISE IN THE ARCTIC

By Winthrop Packard

Experiences in June, 1900, of a "National Magazine" Staff Contributor, who was Commissioned to pass a Summer in the Arctic Circle and the Alaskan Gold Fields

Bebring-Sea-in-the-Ice, June 1, 1900

I HAVE this morning done what I did not dare hope to have a chance to do. I walked out on the arctic ice with my camera and took several pictures of the ship and crew where they were stuck in the ice, at least the ship was. We found rubble ice a little west of Nunivak Island, but steamed through it all right until about midnight last night, when we struck solid floes that we could not buck and in which we stuck finally. Here we were hard and fast this forenoon with the sun shining clear and but little wind, such a morning as we often have at home in March, but with the ice floes surrounding us as far as eye could see.

There were seals about and a lone walrus floundered in soft ice and lifted up his tusks and glared at us. I could not get near these with the camera, however. At about 10 o'clock we started bucking ice again. It was a great show. The "Corwin" would rip right through rotten floes three feet thick, and was stopped only by white ice that was five or six feet thick. This we would ram, then back off and ram again until we bucked a hole into another soft place, and now and then finding lanes of open water went on. We now have a fine open lead to the northwest, and hope to make St. Lawrence Island, and go around the ice into Nome. We just passed a huge walrus sitting on a cake of ice, and Huestis fired at him, but missed.

We left Dutch Harbor last Tuesday night and stopped just outside for an hour's cod fishing, in which we caught about three hundred that would weigh from five to twenty pounds each. These we cleaned and hung up in the air on deck, and there they will keep good until used up; not spoiling, but slowly drying. We took fresh beef this way from Seattle and it lasted in the same way. There is something in the air out this way that keeps it from spoiling. There are ships of all sorts about us, all of course bound on the same errand, but none of which are fitted to buck the floes as we do. Hence they hang off and wait for open water.

I like the island of Unalaska, where Dutch Harbor is, very much. It was warm and mild, cowslips were in bloom on the edge of the snow, and you could sit out on the soft moss of the tundra and enjoy the sunshine as if it was a New England May day. The mountains on all hands rise into the clouds and are covered with snow clear to the sea, but this does not make it chilly as it would at home. We dug clams there and got several barrels, which with the fish help out our larder, as the fresh meat is now gone. I would like to stay all summer there and prospect the island, as there is every evidence of mineral wealth there. The climate is good the year round, as the thermometer never goes lower than 15 above.

It is quite a place, the town, with a handsome big Greek church with a Russian priest; two company stores where you can buy anything you need just as you could at home, and not so terribly much higher in price.

There are about six hundred inhabitants, but the town is now full of Nome people who stop over there for from one day to two weeks, according to the ship. There were a dozen big ships there when we were, and about two thousand people. They were a tough lot on the whole, and I never in all my life saw so many ugly mugs—male and female—in one bunch. Still, they were peaceable and good-natured and perhaps looked worse than they were. From one to three weeks of seasickness would make a tough mug of any one. There are two volcanoes on the island that are in a state of partial eruption, and smoke comes from them constantly. Oh, it is a wonderful country.

12 m. Well, we reached the end of our open water and are tied up to the ice just like the arctic travellers you read about. The ice is heavy here and is piled in fantastic heaps a dozen feet high, and the only open water is the narrow crooked lead behind us. I have been out on the ice and got some more photographs and now the whole gang have been out and are enjoying the novelty of it. The sun is warm and the thermometer is about fifty in the shade. The crew are getting water from the pools that melt in the ice and strange to say they are fresh and sweet, the pools I mean, not the crew. While we ate dinner smoke appeared south of us and another Nome steamer has found our lead and is up alongside, tying to the ice as we have done. It is the "Dora," which left Seattle on April 25. It is getting to be more and more evident that the ice is still heavy for many miles and

no boats are likely to be in at Nome yet, and it is just as well that we did not start any sooner than we did, as it would have meant only weeks of waiting in the ice, which is now a charming novelty but would be a good deal of a bore in a short time.

* * *

June 2d

We left our snug berth this morning and steamed up a lead of open water as far as we could and then began to buck the ice. The "Corwin" will crush through floes that are two feet thick with ease, bursting the cakes and shoving them aside to the right and left. When we find it four or five feet as we do now and then she bunts at it and makes a dent with her nose, then backs off and goes at it again. Sometimes she slips up on the floe until her weight breaks it down and we go on again.

It is very sporty work and we gather on the bow and whoop and cheer as the old girl rips the floes up the back and grinds over them. But it is slow work. Down behind us are the main fleet, most of them not daring to buck the ice as we do and some that have tried to follow the open stream we have made fail to do so, as it fills in behind. We take the hole in afterwards as it were. We have a good chance to be the first boat in, but cannot be sure as yet, as some boat may have found a lucky lead and be way ahead of us. The sun set last night at 10 o'clock, and rose at 2 this morning, and it was not at all dark all night long. You could see to read at any time. I know, for I sat up all night and developed photos. They all came out well, but one that was light-struck. I do not know how, but it had a spot on it as if some one had hit it with an axe. It is a wonder it did not break the plate. I am not so very much on photographs yet, some-

how. Have some more to develop to-night. St. Lawrence Island is but forty miles north and we hope to reach it to-morrow. There we can trade with the natives, and perhaps find open water on the way into Nome.

As I write this to you the ship is grinding and bucking her way through the floes again, but we are not on our course. We found the ice so thick ahead of us that we were tied up to it all day Sunday hoping a lead would open, but as none did we have turned and are trying in another direction. Took a long stroll out over the ice Sunday, crossing the leads by floating across on cakes of ice and found places where the hummocks were twenty feet high, the ice piled in all sorts of shapes, cake on cake, in the most fantastic fashion. Here I posed Glore for a photograph and just as I was snapping the shutter he went down out of sight. He was only behind a cake, however, with the lower half of him in a soft spot and the only harm done was to wet his feet and fill my big boots, which he was wearing, with water. When he came up again I got the picture all right and we tramped and ferried ourselves back to the ship again. Glore was all right, but he said ice water in your boots was not pleasant and he was mighty glad he did not go through the hole altogether. The seals do that and seem to enjoy it, but the seals have about three inches of warm blubber on them all over, under the pelt. When you skin the seal and take off this blubber sweater it leaves a rather slim animal after all. We are to have some seal meat for dinner soon, and I am quite curious to see how it tastes.

I shall mail this letter at Nome when we get there, and by the grace of God you will get it some time or other. Have written several letters since coming into the ice.

Wish I had some snap shots to send, but can develop no more now as we do not know how long it will take us to get through the ice and we may need all our water. It is too valuable to waste in washing photos, any way. The ice skimmed over the open leads last night an inch thick or so, but the sun shines and it is pleasant out now. Clear, mild, winter weather, endless ice, and yet it is June. Great place, the Arctic.

. . .
June 7

It is snowing and blowing outside, and the ship is tied up to an ice berg. We have been in the ice a week trying to push the ship through, but so far we have not done so. The ice is very thick and it is in great big fields, that are close together. When the wind blows hard it pushes these ice fields against each other and big ice cakes split off and pile up against one another until it makes all sorts of strange ice block houses and churches and things like big stone walls made of ice cakes. There are seals among these cakes and swimming about in the ice cold water, and do not seem to mind the cold a bit. Perhaps they play house among the cakes and around the little pools of fresh water that are like little ponds where the ice melts. Mostly they lie near a hole right through the ice, and when you come too near them they dive down and stay under until you go away.

We go out and walk about on these big ice fields and if the ship needs fresh water we pump it right out of one of the little ponds of fresh water on top. The ship has been breaking its way through the fields, but it came to such thick ice that we had to turn back last Monday. After we had gone a way we saw a wreck where a big ship had struck a sharp point of ice and had knocked a hole in her side and was

sinking. All the people were out of the ship on the ice and were hurrying around trying to save themselves and their things. We broke through the ice and got to them and took them on board. We thought the ship was sinking sure, as she was all under the water but a little of the stern, but we cut away the masts and pulled the things off the deck to make her lighter, and as she did not sink we blocked up the port holes we could get at and started pumping and bailing the water out of her. It was a long race with Behring Sea, for the water ran in at the broken place almost as fast as we bailed it out, but after working like crazy men for all the afternoon and all night and all the next day we found we were getting ahead of the water, and finally got the big hole in her side above the water and put in a new plank and stopped the leak. We now have her safe, and though she is all broken and not pretty to look at she is very valuable as the cargo she had aboard was worth when loaded about \$150,000. We have her and her steam launch and a lighter and two surf boats, and will try to tow the whole into Nome with us. When we get there I shall put this letter into the post office so you will get it, perhaps, as soon as the Fourth of July. If you do will you please fire off some crackers for me? It seems funny to think

that you are having warm and sunny weather and where I am it is all ice and snow and is cold. Last night it froze a good deal.

We have an Eskimo boy on board and his name is Joe. He is a funny fellow and I have pictures of him as well as of the ship we rescued, taken when she was sinking, when the mast was falling overboard, and at other times.

Nome, Alaska, June 19

I have my first mail since last April to-day. I am comfortably housed, or rather tented, and am getting along very nicely in all ways. The Corwin company has seven big tents and a storehouse already on the beach here, owns the hulk of the "Catherine Sudden" for a floating storehouse, and has just sent the "Corwin" to St. Lawrence Island, where there is a quiet tip on a big strike. This is the biggest mining rush that the world has ever seen, and if I can't get copy here I shall never get any anywhere. My pictures are not the best in the world, but when a fellow has to develop and print without a dark room in a country where the sun never sets what can you expect? Beer costs 25 cents a glass up here, and they are very small glasses. A shave is a dollar, and I paid \$1.50 for a bath, but I got my money's worth, in fact it was dirt cheap.

IN THE OPEN AIR

A WHEEL and away from the smoky town,
 To the country-side, where the earth blooms fair;
 From the fiery ways where the sun beats down,
 For a bracing run in the open air.
 The soul shall expand and the heart grow light
 In the distant lane where the city's blare
 Is lost like a phantom of vanished night.
 Awheel and away to the open air!

Frank Putnam

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR

THIRD EPISODE

MOST men marry their neighbors. One in ten thousand finds the woman nature prepared for him. Generally he finds her too late. By that time one or the other has married a neighbor.

I never pretend to understand, much less to accept, the ordinary codes of society. I am an individualist, and would rather be a naked savage in the wilderness than the greatest of the civilized potentates. Only the body of



"I would rather be a naked savage"

me is not equal to the demand that a savage life would put upon it; so I am forced to take the role for which my body was cast, rather than that for which nature intended my spirit. My body demands ease, and considerate treatment; it would shiver and shrivel in a blanket or breech-clout. My spirit endures the tyranny of clothes for my body's sake; it yields to the sovereignty of conventionalities for the same reason. Long pampering, begun in ignorance and continued of a semi-necessity, has made my body absolute master of my spirit, the spirit that soared so loftily in younger days; that adored freedom and aspired to it.

Had my body been of an equality with my spirit, I would have been, not a poet—a dreamer, but a builder or a soldier. The burning, restless desires that consumed my body during years would have found expression in deeds

rather than in words. Now I have found opiates for the spirit. I have drugged it and bound it fast. Its rebellions are less frequent, and soon will cease altogether. Then I shall be a contented clod—eating, drinking, sleeping, gossiping with my neighbors, concerned only with the material things, intolerant of high sentiments; I shall weigh all questions of public policy, on the rare occasions when public policies interest me at all, with reference to my own personal gain, or at most the gain of my town, or my country. I shall then be an ideal citizen of perfected modern civilization.

. . .

In the days when I met Natalie, I was still loyal to the great ideals. I could conceive of no patriotism that did not begin and end with loyalty to ideals. At that time, if my country had undertaken by force of arms to destroy the freedom of another people,



"Natalie was not beautiful as women judge beauty"

I would have felt that loyalty meant me to protest against the undertaking, and, if need be, to take arms with the

people assailed in defense of the *principle* of freedom. Now I would say, if such a state of affairs should come to pass, that it is the destiny of the weaker peoples to be absorbed by the stronger; that if they had sense enough to enjoy freedom they would realize this fact; and that, not having so much sense they were not fit to enjoy freedom in isolation and must be absorbed. I grant you, of course, that the pleasures of digestion are somewhat one-sided; but am I to blame for the harshness of the laws of nature? And would I not be silly to oppose them?

Natalie agreed with me then. She was a great soul. Not beautiful as women judge beauty; not strong, as men judge strength in women. She had the artistic temperament, with its ceaseless surface changes and its basic solidity of purpose; its power of self sacrifice in pursuit of an ideal; its limitless contempt for the smug; its noble generosity.

Natalie found me in discontent; she touched the chords of my being and they were swept with music. She gave me all the ardent, impetuous love of her, body and spirit, and for a time I rose to her height. We dwelt in the border world. Time had ceased to exist for us. Toil was but an incident in our lives. Poverty was with us but

we did not know it. We thought the guest was Riches. Each shared the other's enthusiasm—not forcedly, nor with palpable intent to please, but naturally, for we were of the same elements, proportioned alike, and felt the same impulse from the hand of destiny.

Winter passed, and summer, and winter came again. The average novelist, analyzing the situation at the close of that year, would have said I had tired of Natalie; nothing could be further from the truth, yet it was true that I felt our dream passing, our paradise slipping away out of my power



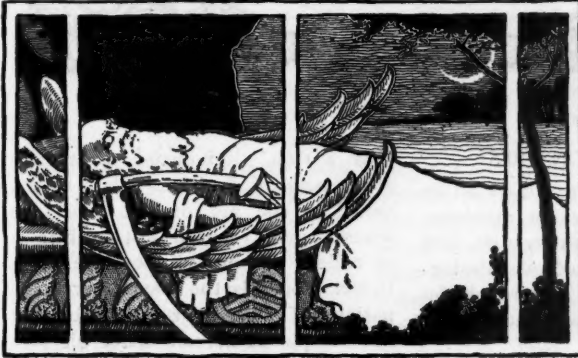
"Sets me a-sail again upon the broad sea of spirituality"



to recall it. Truth was, we had found each other too late. Natalie was to the last, and to the last day I saw her, years after the time of this that I am telling you, true to her noblest impulses. I alone was at fault; had found *her* too late; the world had forged other chains about

swer to thy question, if answer there be, for the sacrifices and the pleasures of this little world have long since ceased for thee. Not again shall those liquid eyes, suffused with tenderness, or troubled with tears, give me joy or pain. But if my philosophy is false, and if thou dost indeed look down from

celestial heights upon those whom thou didst love, thou seest that now, in the dim solitude of this chamber, him whom thou crowned, and who was unworthy, is given to understand thee and to love thee at the last with a love like unto thine own.



"Time had ceased to exist for us"

my limbs—appetites, habits of selfishness—before we met. These were lost sight of at first, banished harshly when they ventured earliest to appear, argued with in the sixth month, compromised with at ten, and yielded to at twelve.

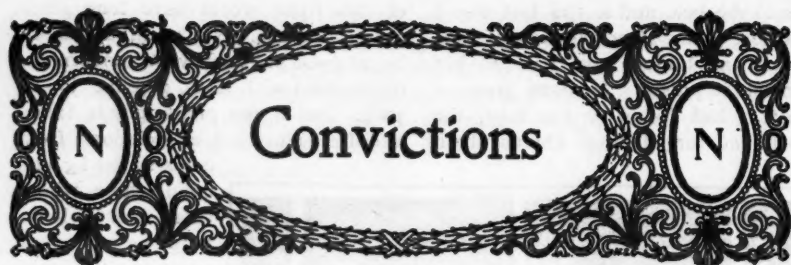
For love means sacrifice, and no love means so much sacrifice as that which laughs at the conventionalities of a satisfied social world. "Sacrifices?" said Natalie. "What are sacrifices to me, having love?"

Alas, greatheart, now too late valued at thy true worth, thou hast the an-

swer to thy question, if answer there be, for the sacrifices and the pleasures of this little world have long since ceased for thee. Not again shall those liquid eyes, suffused with tenderness, or troubled with tears, give me joy or pain. But if my philosophy is false, and if thou dost indeed look down from celestial heights upon those whom thou didst love, thou seest that now, in the dim solitude of this chamber, him whom thou crowned, and who was unworthy, is given to understand thee and to love thee at the last with a love like unto thine own.

The memory of thy love descends upon me like a flood; it tears me from the moorings of selfishness, and sets me a-sail again upon the broad sea of spirituality. Now I know that I can never again sink to the old level. I see that the unrequited sacrifices you made for me are to be matched by the unrequited sacrifices I shall make for others, even for those unknown to me, and who shall never be known to me. I see that thou art to be my lover now and henceforth, even as thou wert. Thou shalt be my guide, a dear ideal hovering ever near me. Thou hast triumphed over separation and over death.





Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

EVEN those who are not at all in sympathy with foreign missions, judged by their political results, find an excuse for the medical missionary whose main object is to reach the soul by way of the body and practical sanitation.

Considerable responsibility for the modern reform ideas, working the inevitable dissolution of the Chinese Empire, can be laid upon the shoulders of the American medical missionaries who have, during the past fifteen years, bravely endeavored to cleanse the Orient at imminent risk of their own lives. Where an acknowledged religious effort obtains no foot-hold among the Chinese the successful cure of one of their diseased potentates makes a reliable entering wedge for Christian ideas. One of the prominent American medical missionaries, Dr. Mary Fulton, related to me the indirect course of her labors in China; insisting in her narrative, upon the necessity for first taking the initial steps of successful treatment of the body before the heathen mind can be touched. In her own experience her primary endeavors in hospital practice and individual work among the poor seemed futile and distinctly risky until it chanced

that a rich, influential Chinaman at the point of death, as a last resort, called in the aid of the American woman whose reputed skill had hitherto called out his vituperative scepticism. Luckily the doctor cured the patient of high degree, and by that one act placed herself under his protection for life. Since then, for ten years, Dr. Fulton has practiced her skill unmolested until she, among the other foreign reformers, has been called upon to reap the harvest of new ideas she has sown. The introduction of "a little learning" is bound to prove a dangerous thing when opposed to the established faith and customs pursued without deviation ever since the first Chinaman landed off of the Ark.

New ideas gather over a community with the ominous force of storm clouds; they break like thunder and frequently devastate the land before clearing the atmosphere to great advantage.

The chief difficulty encountered by the American missionary in China is the mastery of a language seeming at first sound an impossibility to a foreigner. It frequently requires several years' study before an American can hold an intelligent conversation in Chinese, particularly so if the student

happens to be deficient in the sense of pitch, owing to the peculiar arbitrary inflection of every Chinese sound. Imagine yourself compelled to say "a" at a certain pitch, and "o" on a distinctly different one, otherwise your English would be incorrect; then you may gather some conception of the first difficulty confronting a missionary to China.

The Eastern maxim, "First comes the missionary, then the soldier," has been faithfully borne out in China, but if the modern missionary, in all good faith, starts for his field of endeavor bearing the same cross carried by the Jesuit martyrs of the seventeenth century, he must go prepared and willing for martyrdom, following closely thereby in the footsteps of his Master.

If an idea is worth living for, it is worth dying for; but the irony of progress is shown when hundreds of people innocent of any particular ideas of a reformatory character must meet destruction in the pursuit of daily bread for the purpose of developing a race whose religion satisfied their needs and who asked nothing but to be left alone in enjoyment of their own idea of God.

Progress, like nature, is often cruel in its operations.

MEN AND BEASTS

THE relations existing between men and beasts are frequently more intimate and sympathetic than those binding man to man; and because of this it is interesting to question our human ignorance concerning the actual life of the animals, born to an existence a degree or two lower in the scale than our own.

It has long since been ascertained that beasts possess an intelligence susceptible of cultivation, also that the animal kingdom is controlled by

passions very little different from those besetting men.

The particular question stirring me in relation to animals is—why should man insist upon being the superior beast, merely because he can talk and build enormous, ugly structures called business blocks? Talking is by no means an especially creditable performance, judged by man's frequent abuse of speech, and a bird's nest is unrivalled as an example of domestic architecture. A beehive or an ant hill appears to be conducted with system and purpose equalling any displayed by the multitudes of men and women hurrying up and down the streets of a city, apparently running about aimlessly after the fashion of ants, scampering around, in and out of a sand hill.

A hundred dogs or horses selected at random from different breeds would collectively present a more intelligent, dignified appearance than a hundred miscellaneous men, for the reason that artificial vice bears no part in the daily habits of the lower animals; dogs and horses may swear inaudibly when things go wrong, but they never frequent grog shops—that we know. After all, it may be that the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air could boast of a more intimate knowledge of the creation and God's other secrets that we, were they capable of telling what they secrete.

Every expression of life is marvelous in its own particular way, and equally astonishing are the natural laws governing the struggle for life. Every bird or beast preys upon some other bird or beast for the purpose of sustenance, but the tender-hearted members of the Audubon society, who weep over a single bird destroyed, will patiently lay in wait for a fish to kill as unscrupulously as did Isaac Walton.

Man's relation to beasts is sincerely inconsistent; and never was this fact more delightfully expounded than in a recent novel written by Mr. Roberts, whose intimate knowledge of the heart of an ancient wood brings animal life closer to our understanding than it has ever before been brought, outside of fairy tales.

A boy's love of a pony, a man's love of a circus, or wild west show, tells the story of human instincts; but the pity of it all lies in our unwillingness to observe and learn from our fellow beasts rather than to instruct them in the ways of civilization, destructive to the better part of either a wild beast or a wild man. When men cease to brutally make war upon each other and prove themselves commanders of their own passions the time will have come for them to boast superiority over the beasts of the field, but not before.

WELL-CONSIDERED ASSISTANCE

THERE are not many who realize why the organ-grinder patiently grinds out his tunes in the poorer quarters of a city rather than before the homes of the affluent public, but the Italian music grinder will tell you if you ask "Rich man no givee monkey; poor man givee," and you will have no good reason to doubt his statement, for none other is so well equipped with the facts as he—the owner of a little old gentleman with a tail. Even in squalid neighborhoods the monkey's hat clicks more coins than it can gather from among the rich; for several reasons, but chiefly because the rich are not easily amused, being satiated already with every form of entertainment purchaseable, and because the poor experience the fellow feeling which impels one's hand in the direction of one's small change at any appeal from those

whose situation they fully realize.

Beggars and tramps prosper only among the moderately well off; the very rich are as difficult to catch as a bird's tail. First of all they are inaccessible, and secondly their consciences are salved by the large sums of money they bestow in bulk upon public charities. But sometimes it occurs to an observer that no charity is so completely unadulterated with vainglory as the generosity extended in the form of help to those who are trying to help themselves. I know a blind man who for twenty years has wheeled a small covered wagon containing small wares, needles, thread and pins, about from one city to another, feeling his way along by the aid of a stout stick. There are certain people who take no pride in their own charity and bear no reputation for generosity, but who never fail to purchase of the old blind man.

The rich man may have a sincerely generous instinct, but he has no sympathy, no personal understanding to quicken his impulses. A man must look upon a dollar bill in the light of a benediction before he can realize the poverty of others.

Little old Mr. Monkey would not realize a sufficiently large income to keep him in uniforms were he dependent upon polite society for coppers. His bank account is gathered from among those who are oftentimes poorer than himself, while the rich man passes along on the other side of the street self-satisfied because he is a regular subscriber to some fashionable form of charity.

There is a fine spirit of brotherhood among the poor, such as can be found elsewhere only in the race of Jews and the sect of Quakers. This may be laid partially to the community of their relations; to the forced proximity of their lives.



HIRAM'S HARLEM FLAT

I BEEN down tu New York city
 Visitin' son Hiram thar;
 He's makin' quite a livin'
 Workin' on a trolley car,
 But, I swan, the place he lives in's
 'Bout right size tu hold a cat—
 Never see sich skimpy quarters
 Ez his five room Harlem flat.

Him an' Lindy sez it's cozy,
 But my room was so dinged small
 I was scairt tu breathe real hearty
 Fear I'd bust the bed-room wall.
 Beds? They dassen't hev no real ones;
 Ain't no room fer sich ez that—
 Why! B'gosh! My old four poster's
 Bigger 'n his hull five room flat.

They jist hev these foldin' 'trappings,
 Double up when you ain't in,
 An' their kitchen! Well, Ma's pantry
 Is at least ez big agin.
 Lindy's jist a leetle critter—
 Lucky that she ain't ez fat
 Ez my wife. Dumbed ef Ma's rocker
 Ain't ez big ez Lindy's flat!

Why! When fellers come a hangin'
 New wall paper on the wall,
 Fust they hev tu scrape the old off
 Er they'd be no room at all!
 But my son don't seem tu mind it,
 Sez ez long ez they don't spat
 Thet it only brings em 'closter,
 So they like their Harlem flat.

Ez fer room he sez, by jingo!
 Even if the fit is tight
 In some ways it's plenty roomy
 An' I reckon thet he's right—
 Him an' Lindy's mighty happy
 So I sez with Hiram that
 You kin crowd love without limit
 In a five room Harlem flat.

Ellis Parker Butler

THE JUNIOR MEMBER

SHE was so tall and dignified! That, maybe, was the reason why the things she did were so funny. She had a way, too, of carrying her head a little high, and of curling her lip and flashing annihilating glances in a manner that secretly delighted those who loved her, for they knew that at heart she was meek as a lamb.

She swung out of the door, buttoning her jacket and dragging on her gloves, as she hurried down street to get a yard of ribbon for a birthday gift, which, as usual, she was finishing off at the last moment.

On reaching the shop she unwrapped the piece of work in question and handed it to the salesman to match colors. Then she carefully and absent-mindedly wrapped her pocket-book in the piece of paper, which she still held in her hand.

When the salesman had found the

ribbon she wanted, he handed her back the work, and she began to look around for the paper, and not finding it said "I put it right there," indicating a place on the counter with her finger. Several persons standing by, politely moved aside and looked for the paper too, but it was not found and another paper was provided by the salesman, as he handed her the parcel containing the ribbon.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Fifteen cents," was the reply.

Then she begun to look uneasily around. "Ah!" she said, "my pocket-book. I laid it right there with the piece of paper. It—well," feeling in her pockets, and patting herself in all possible places where a mis-

of the firm, naturally drifting in her direction, for he was one of those who delighted in her.

She flashed him a haughtily inquiring look. Did he presume to reflect on her shortcomings? For she knew that he knew that for no consecutive ten minutes had she ever known where that pocketbook or any of her portable property, for that matter, including her heart, was. But he had no right to indicate by word or look that he knew, or that he knew that *she* knew, that he knew.

She hated facetiousness, so she looked up with haughty inquiry to see what his question meant. He made an effort to reconstruct his expression before hers reached him, but it was no use, and she caught the twinkle in his eyes, and annihilated him.

Neither time nor space were any longer meaning terms to him. He stood crushed, but inwardly delighted.

Jove! what a fury she was, and how charmingly funny! But never again, if he knew himself, would he let his eyes twinkle.

One of the bystanders, a sad looking man, put in rather officiously, "Yes, she had the pocketbook when she came in, I saw it in her hand. It was a yellow one."

Until then she had not been quite certain whether she had had it or not, so she gave the sad man a grateful look that convinced him that after all life was worth living; and then she said, squelchingly looking into space, "I said I put it there."

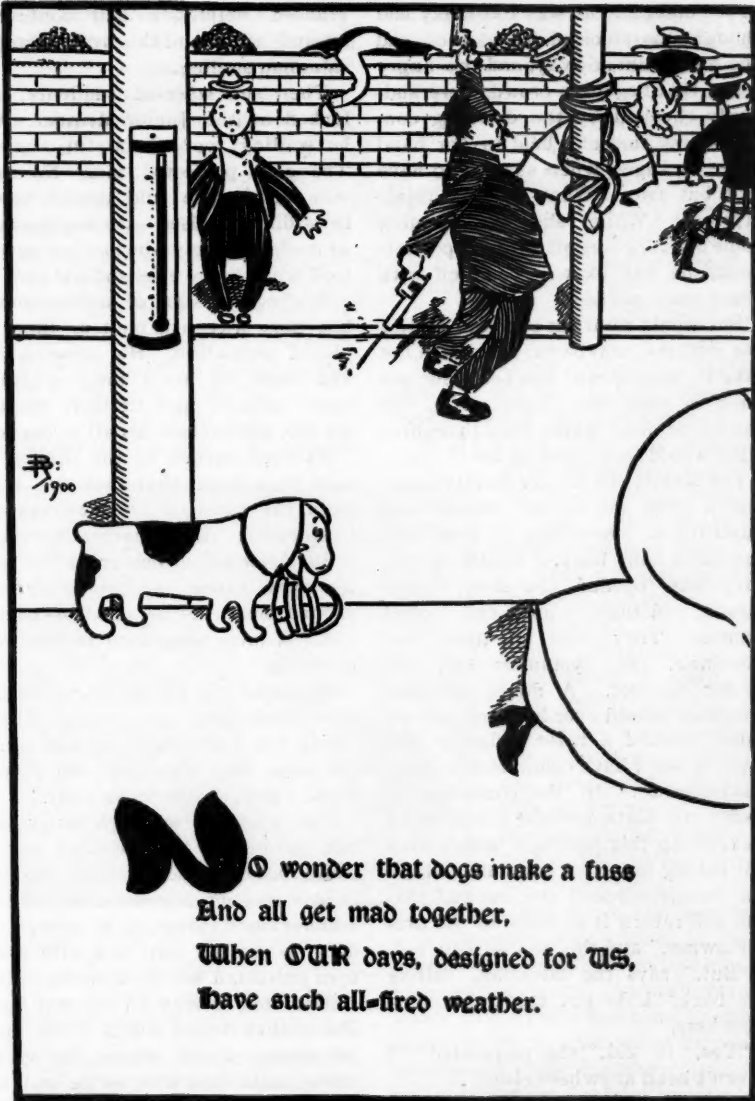
The situation became a trifle embarrassing, but she relieved it by saying lightly, "But it is of little moment. It had only a small amount of change in it, and it not worth another thought. Still, it is rather pretty, and if you come across it, lay it aside for me, please," and she passed out with gracious condescension.



"She would return at once"

chievous pocketbook might hide, "it, er—must-er have been removed."

"Are you sure that you had it when you came in?" said the Junior Member



She hurried along annoyed and angry; annoyed at the little episode, and angry that the Junior Member had dared to intimate by a smile that she could have been mistaken about the pocketbook.

She hated familiarity. He was a disagreeable man, anyway, always presuming on the fact that he had known her since she was in bibs. She hated hazel eyes too, and it was so conceited of him to let his hair kink

at the ends, and he was too lanky and thought too much of his clothes, and she hated him anyway, and the angry tears, that began to crowd, were suddenly checked by the dawning consciousness that she held in her hand three packages, when she should have had but two. What was the third? Horrors! While she was blaming some one for going off with her pocket-book, she had likewise come off with some one's package.

She would return at once and rectify the mistake, maybe they had seen her take it, maybe—ah! how could she get back in time—the shame of it, the shame of it! Maybe they thought—what would they think of her?

She almost ran, all her dignity gone, and a little sob in her throat, and humility in every line of head and shoulders and body. Reaching the shop she opened the door, rather noisily, and then stopped and looked around. They were all there, the salesman, the bystander and the Junior Member. A dozen different emotions passed over her face, but she came forward a little defiantly and said, "I fear I have committed a great misdemeanor. In the confusion of losing my portemonnaie, I inadvertently picked up this package, which does not belong to me, I trust that I have not inconvenienced any one and that you will return it at once to the proper owner," and she was passing out.

"But," says the salesman, calling her back, "I do not think this came from here."

"Yes, it did," she responded, "I haven't been anywhere else."

"But," continued the salesman, tentatively; and he began to unfold the package—she hesitated to see what was within, and as the papers were turned back, lo! a dainty tan-colored pocketbook lay open to full view.

"Oh!" she gasped, "Oh!" and she

glanced helplessly and confusedly around, and found the bystanders and salesman smiling.

Then she wheeled suddenly, and looked at the Junior Member. Was he smiling too? O fateful moment! The gods protected him. No smile was on his face; and though he was inwardly convulsed—she was so sweet, so ineffably funny—he met her sudden look with grave eyes and *bald* hers.

Finding no sign of amusement in his, hers wavered, melted, then implored protection. His hovered over and made for her a house of refuge, hers caressed him timidly, his laid his life, his fortune, his all at her feet.

As they turned to the others, he said in a voice that took the smile from the faces of the salesman and bystanders, "A very natural mistake."

She drew a step nearer to him and his eyes threw a protecting arm around her. "Some one," he continued, "is doing something of this kind every day."

She came still a little nearer, and his eyes drew her close to his heart. "Why, the other day," he went on, "I did worse than steal my own pocket-book, I stole another man's hat."

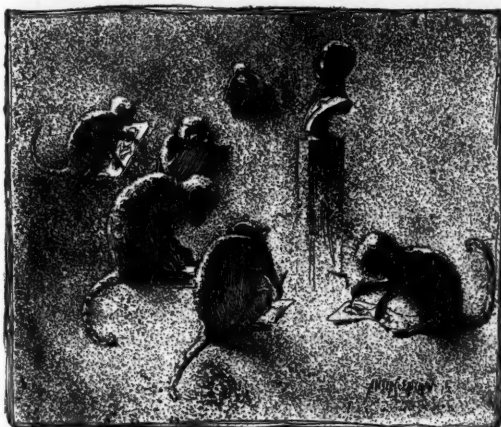
She glanced up suspiciously, but not before he had buckled in the smile that came near getting the best of him, and her expression melted into another timid caress, as he opened the door to let her out, and with grave eyes protected her from the ills of life.

And that is why on her way home she tried to decide which is the more becoming, dead white, or cream white, satin; and why, as he watched her out of sight, the smile within travelled outward until his eyes shone like stars, and he whistled softly under breath the march from Lohengrin, as he thought, "My sweet, sweet, funny darling."

Marian Tabbitts Banes

LOOKING FORWARD

Perhaps in some country Peruvian,
Such ages ahead
That men are all dead
And the present is antediluvian,
In the cycles of new transmigrations,
The now Missing Link
From over the brink
May climb to the front of the nations.
And the subject of their speculation—
The creatures called men—
May stir, in the then,
Some great connoisseur's admiration,
Till the whole quadrumanous dominion
For good or for bad,
Run after the fad,
And swear by that wise one's opinion.



And then, on the site of lost cities,
He'll dig from the dust
A dude's eye-glassed bust,
And declare that Art's masterpiece it is.
To his followers all who are coachable,
The once funny freak
Will be "an antique,"
Unapproached, and for them un-
approachable.
And the artists whose blood is cerulean,
Who learn by new rule
In the famed art school
Of some later prehensile-tailed Julian,

Will gather behind and before it,
And draw "from the cast"
The dude of the past,
While deep in their hearts they adore it.
Charles Stuart Pratt

THE CROWNING EVENT

"I AM afraid you are bored to death," the girl leaned toward her companion, "a charity concert at a crowded summer resort—"
"Is, in spite of heat and length, anything but boring."
He let his eyes linger on her fair face, and watched the color creep into her cheeks and mount to her brow.

"It is hot and stuffy," she protested.
"The whole thing is a drag, but the crowning event is to come. Best things are always last, you know."

"Yes?" with a shrug of the handsome shoulders.

"Wouldn't you like to know something of my song bird? I found her here, and it is I who persuaded her to sing to-night. I won't tell you! You are not interested enough!" This with a ring of real indignation in her voice.

"Please," the man's voice was duly penitent.

She shook her head with a positiveness very charming in an attractive woman, but she told him, as he knew she would, of a beautiful and lovely woman who had come from the great world to this resort for a few months, of their friendship, and the girl's reluctant promise to give the last number on the program—a song.

"Can she sing?" he asked idly.

"Yes." Her voice was low, almost reverential.

"This paragon has sung your heart away, or your judgment," he said mockingly.

The girl turned from the stage and fixed her eyes upon him. There were unmistakable lines of maturity on his face which told of a fierce early struggle with the world.

"Will you ever get over being cynical?" she asked plaintively. "You put me in an apologetic attitude. I apologize for the concert, for the town, for myself."

"I haven't had such a pleasure in ages," reproachfully. "I was so surprised to meet you here."

"When you last saw me," her eyes were still on his face, "you were an eager and enthusiastic boy in spite of your years."

"Yes?"

"It isn't often success is won in so short a time," she said slowly, "all your dreams have come true."

"All?" he questioned.

"How faint and far away those old

tender, musing way, "you were such a very bad boy. You worried the poor master's life almost out of him."

"By walking home with you and breaking the rules?"

"Yes," with a little rippling run of laughter, "by doing that very thing!"

"What were the dreams?"

"Success first."

"And afterwards?"

She did not answer, but she smiled into his face. The soft laughter of women and the deeper tones of men came from the box on the left. The protesting cry of violin strings, responding to preparatory sweeps of the bow, rose from the orchestra seats below. A plaint of the violins breathed over him. What did they promise?

"And afterwards?" he questioned eagerly.

"In a boy's dreams he battles with the world—battles and wins."

"Elsie!" He leaned toward her impulsively, then drew back into the shadow of the box.

"I miss the boy," her voice was steady, but the color came and went in her face, "for the man looks on life from the outside—with never an overwhelming impulse. I—don't understand."

He was watching her with a keen scrutiny. As he again leaned forward he saw a warm light kindle in the gray depths of her eyes. He could win her. Happiness, that will o' the wisp that had slipped from him, would return. Life offered him this chance, and the task would be sweet. At the thought he felt a sudden tug at his heart-strings, then his pulses beat quite regularly again. A loveless marriage perverts all that is sweet in a woman's nature. Her content would be the content of ignorance.

"May you never understand," and in spite of himself his voice was ten-



"The voice shook him into a tremor"

days lie; the little school house, and the master who stood in the doorway between the rooms. Isn't it strange that we happened there that winter and were sent to school together? Isn't it strange that our friendship still holds good?"

"And will." The mockery had gone from his voice.

"In those days," she went on in a

der. "The true heart holds but one song. When that goes out of one's life it leaves the music mute."

"Where is she?" Her voice was singularly clear and aloof. The music in its solemn swell seemed mingled with her consciousness. Then it died into murmurous indistinctness and receded into the dim distance as she awaited his answer.

"I do not know," he said slowly.

She started slightly, and turned, giving her whole attention to the stage, as the first notes of a song—the last on the program—floated to them. The man leaned back among the shadows, his eyes downcast. There was such a confused mass of people, and lights, and color. He felt it all dimly, and through it, glancing in and out like a golden cord this voice, dreamy, melting, liquidly tender moved. A strain of an old poem drifted through his thoughts. Something, the music perhaps, had set it going in his heart,

*"I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
Of the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of years,
Such a very little thing."*

The music rose higher. It took definite meaning, all the sweetest, tenderest, maddest meanings of which it was capable.

*"And I thought were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her."*

In an ecstasy of rapture the voice died suddenly, softly, with a sigh breathed between parted lips. It shook him into a tremor. It forced him further and further forward until he sat in the full glare of the house, and to him the theatre seemed to rise and fall; the heads of the people to seethe together and blur, for the singer leaned forward, her lips parted, her wide blue eyes full of a beseeching appeal for understanding, for forgiveness. The moving lights touched

her figure, threw her gauzy draperies into high relief, caught a jewel vibrating on its spiral, and lingered in the loose ripples of her shining hair.

Heaven knows what the message was that flashed from the eyes of the man in the box, but it held the singer's eyes, and before it the blue ones receded and dropped like shy, dewy violets. An instant—but her soul was naked to him.

She stood motionless, a little smile upon her lips and in her downcast eyes—

*"My early love, with her downcast eyes,
And over her primrose face the shade."*

The applause thundered about her, and reluctantly subsided. The curtain fell. The people rose from their seats.

"Did I not tell you," the girl in the box stood up to have her cloak put about her, "that last things are always best."

"You told me," the man answered, leaning to look into her eyes, and there were shadows in their gray depths, "that the end crowned all."

He fastened the high collar of her cloak. It stood up to her ears and made her face look like a pale, heart-shaped flower.

The protesting cry of the violins, the pleading violins, came to him, as he guided her footsteps down the stairway. Whither would they lead him?

*"She is not dead, and she is not wed,
She loved me then and she loves me now."*

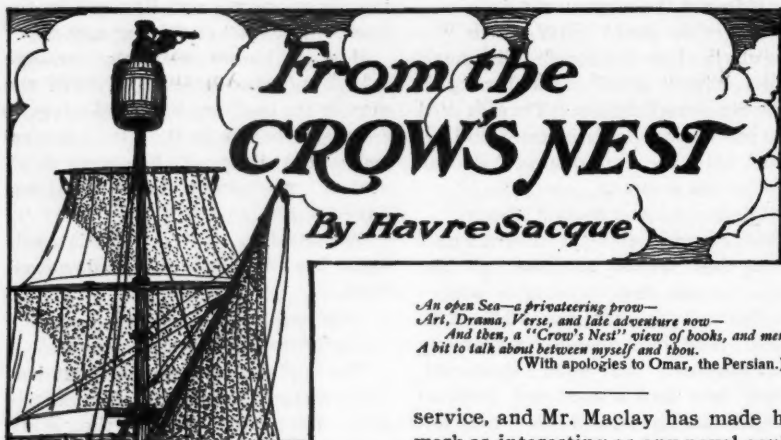
The music followed him, its throb like a heart in a frenzy of exaltation and triumph.

"The end crowns all."

Through the man's blood to the time of his heart-beats, the words rioted, the words of the girl walking so quietly by his side.

But of her thoughts he knew no more than of the stars that burned in the vault above them.

Sara Lindsay Coleman



*An open Sea—a privateering prow—
Art, Drama, Verse, and late adventure now—
And then, a "Crow's Nest" view of books, and men—
A bit to talk about between myself and thou.
(With apologies to Omar, the Persian.)*

Splendid Sea History From forgotten monographs, unpublished log-books, old-time diaries, the records of societies and from the descendants of noted privateersmen, Edgar S. Maclay has obtained intimate and vivid accounts of the fitting-out of vessels, the incidents of voyages, and thrilling adventures of brave sailors manning "American Privateers," as he



EDGAR S. MACLAY.

calls his most comprehensive contribution to the literature of sea power. It is one of the most picturesque and absorbing phases of America's maritime history, and the subject is here handled as only a consummate artist and patriot could do it. The names Simpson, Decatur, Porter, Truxton, Perry, Rodgers, Barney, Talbot, Murray, Little and Robinson are associated with this branch of naval

service, and Mr. Maclay has made his work as interesting as any novel could possibly be.

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An Educational Triumph In the back of a large, beautifully bound and printed "Helen Keller Souvenir No. 2," issued by John Hitz, Superintendent of the Volta Bureau for the Diffusion of Knowledge Concerning the Deaf, in Washington, is a single page whose forty odd words speak volumes for the painstaking and monumental intelligence of Miss Sullivan, guide and mentor during the years of Helen Keller's sad yet triumphant youth. This page bears the signature of Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe, testifying to Miss Keller's admission to the Freshman class in that institution, and to the fact that this apt student passed with credit in advanced Latin. It is one of the marvels of a century brilliant with and brimful of educational achievement, that this child, deprived of sight, speech and hearing, should have been able to pass without a single condition, rigid examinations in elementary and advanced Greek, advanced Latin, algebra, and géomé-

try. When lost in admiration of sweet Helen Keller, do not forget to render proper homage to Helen Keller's "other half"—her eyes, ears, mind—almost her soul—Miss Annie M. Sullivan. Most people haven't the faintest conception of what an important place among educators Miss Sullivan holds for her really marvelous success.

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The Poet, Soldier, The beautiful home
Henry Chester at Natural Bridge,
Parsons. Virginia, of the late

Henry Chester Parsons, widely known as a Republican campaigner, a gallant Union soldier, and a poet of no mean order, is still attracting thousands of visitors annually to one of the loveliest parts of the splendid valley of Virginia. Col. Parsons knew and loved every foot of this magnificent property. He developed its scenic advantages as only a man of important concerns, and one possessed of a most poetic temperament, could do. Many of the charms of the place are of his designing, and



many evidences exist of his skill in the sort of forestry calculated to assist rather than to maltreat Nature. This domain (once owned and enthusiastically described by Thomas Jefferson, whose name has been given to one of the five mountains in the neighborhood) is near the confluence of James and North rivers and is reached by both the "Shenandoah" and "Chesapeake" routes. The government should own this "Blue Ridge Reservation," this princely "Parsons Park,"—and make it the

rendezvous for social and diplomatic Washington the year round.

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Perennial
"David
Harum"

Before the close of February, 1900, Messrs. Appleton & Company were enabled to announce the 435th thousand of "David Harum." A year ago, when signs seemed to point to the extraordinary popularity of the book, a second set of electrotype

plates was cast, to be used in case of emergency: "but so well has the printer done his work," asserts the publisher,



EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT. (speaking when 425,000 copies had been printed) "this set has not yet been pressed into service." It is quite remarkable that so many as 425,000 copies could be printed with only one set of plates. The same authority says that number of copies required 5,000 pounds of ink, 1,900 miles of thread in binding, and 5,865 reams of paper, (87 pounds a ream), in the making: that this number of books placed one upon another would make a tower seven miles high, or placed end to end would extend over a fifty mile route! When Comedian Crane begins to act the part this fall, it is expected that fresh impetus will be added to its sales. Meantime there seems to be no diminution of its popularity in the country's leading book stores.

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"The Burden of Not since "Henry
Christopher" Worthington, Idealist," has the reading public found so interesting a novel, dealing with economic

problems, as Miss Florence Converse' sad story. It leaves the reader with tearful eyes and a smarting sense of the injustice in life. Its art and ethics are alike enobling; its plot does not suffer from its evident "purpose;" and its characters are exquisitely life-like. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Birds Pictured By a Bird Master There's a peculiar fascination in the writing of Frank M. Chapman, upon whose shoulders easily rests the mantle of old "Walter of the Bird-meadow" and all the long line of worthies who loved and "lived" ornithology. Mr. Chapman's book, "Bird Studies with a Camera," carries still further the splendid impression created by his "Handbook of Birds of



FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Eastern North America," and "Bird - Life," as well as by his editorship of "Bird Lore." The Appleton Company do not have any trouble in disposing of his works in his line, so au-

thoritative have they become. Mr. Chapman is Assistant Curator of Vertebrate Zoology in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and knows whereof he speaks so interestingly.

The Camera Mightier Than The Gun. "Once let the collector of birds and eggs," says this enthusiast, "appreciate the pleasure of hunting with a camera, the greater skill required and the infinitely greater value of results obtained, and he will have

no further use for gun, climbing-irons and egg-drills." And again, "the killing of a bird with a big gun seems little short of murder after one has attempted the capture of its image with a lens. The camera opens the door to a field of sport previously closed to those who love birds too much to find pleasure in killing them." All of the more than a hundred pictures in this new work are remarkable for selection of subject, posing and finish, just because the author's heart was right, next because his camera was of the best, and lastly (not least) his publisher gave his work the finest possible work in printing.

Some Stock Phrases of Novel Writers My excellent friend on Beacon Hill, Hon. Curtis Guild, says many delightful things; and one day talking books, he uttered the following truism; (published without his permission, but in the firm belief that he won't mind much!) "Proposals of marriage in novels are generally made 'in the conservatory.' Now, very few houses have conservatories, but your novel writer thinks it best to have proposals made there, notwithstanding. Then there is that fellow who 'bit his lip until the blood came' or the other one who 'clenched his hands till the nails penetrated the flesh.' Two men in novels cannot converse without 'lighting their cigars.' Then the exclamation, 'Alas! cried Clara.' Now, Clara in real life never cries 'Alas!' It is either 'Mercy's Sake' or 'My Goodness' or 'Good Gracious' or something of that kind! Neither does the lover 'fall on his knees' and say 'dearest will you be mine?' but generally in more prosaic language asks, 'Jenny, will you marry me?' The joke of the old man kicking the young lover down stairs has been worn threadbare, so has that of the

lovers sitting in the dark to save the gas bill, also the one of the young lady saying, 'Oh George, this is so sudden!' when a young fellow of her acquaintance says something that she fancies can be twisted into a proposal of marriage." All of which is most true and truth-telling, in the interest of a purer literary style, is no breach of confidence, Mr. Guild!

§ § §

"Going Abroad?" Of all the books written for the prospective traveler in Europe, the best may safely be said to be "Going Abroad?" by Robert Luce. In this handy little volume much is done to make smooth the way of the American innocent abroad, and the author presents his suggestions in a concise and easily comprehended manner. (Robert and Linn Luce, Boston. \$1; in paper 50c.)

§ § §

"The Grip of Honor" By Cyrus T. Brady is an absorbing tale of Paul Jones and the War of 1776. Valuable as an historic picture, the picturesque romance is told with a spirit and style hard to equal. Not less excellent than his scenes of action are the author's tenderer, more romantic passages; and there is a verve and daring about the book reminding one of Stevenson. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

§ § §

"From Sand Hill To Pine" There is always a delightful flavor about Bret Harte's stories; an aroma of the plains and the prairies that fascinates the most jaded reader. His last collection of six stories endears itself by its very title to the reader. "A Treasure of the Redwoods" is extremely pastoral; "A Jack and Jill of the Sierras" is a romance full of adventure, while "Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper" is most amusing. Bits

of conversation, delightfully life-like, haunt the memory long after. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.)

§ § §

"Three Men On Four Wheels" No one can be funnier than Jerome K. Jerome when he chooses; and this is in his happiest vein. He declares that he is not going to "describe" the countries through which his characters career, yet manages to convey a good bit of information "between jokes." (Dodd Mead & Co. \$1.50.)

§ § §

"The Farringdons" By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler fully sustains the author's reputation. Miss Fowler's characters are sketched with a light but master hand, and the criss-cross love affairs of her witch-like heroine and stalwart hero are convincingly portrayed. The conversations between Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey are strongly reminiscent of George Eliot's humor. (Appleton & Co., New York.)

§ § §

"The Garden of Eden" Again the lovers of Blanche Willis Howard find delight in a story from that pen now forever laid aside. Few writers can portray love, passion and sorrow with such intensity and delicacy. Twice does the heroine love where love is forbidden, and consequent suffering is marvelously portrayed. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

§ § §

"An Unknown Patriot" Rev. Frank Samuel Child's story is one of the Colony of Connecticut during the Revolution. The reader realizes afresh the horrors heaped upon that patriotic colony and the great value of the secret services rendered Gen. Washington by faithful spies. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)



PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

IN order to obtain a consensus of opinion from the readers of "The National Magazine," we earnestly request answers to the following questions, which may lessen some of the perplexities of editorial life. The sender of the best set of answers received will have his or her subscription extended for two years. Utilize some of your leisure vacation hours in writing us just what you want in the pages of your magazine.

1. Do you want more short stories?
2. Do you want more historical articles?
3. Do you want more illustrations?
4. Do you prefer drawings or more photographs?
5. Do you like the departments of the magazine?
6. Which department do you prefer, and why?
7. Do you want essays or discursive articles?
8. Do you prefer noted authors with poor articles or unknown authors with good articles.
9. What subject of national importance at this time are you most interested in?
10. Do you think the present cover

design would be desirable as a permanent one?

In the answers to these questions coming from a hundred thousand readers, we expect to learn something of what our subscribers actually prefer and make "The National Magazine" the most distinctively popular American magazine published.

ELSEWHERE in these pages appear extracts from personal letters written from the Arctic Circle by Mr. Winthrop Packard, the special correspondent of "The National Magazine." It is a singular fact that these letters, mailed at Nome, Alaska, June 9, should be received, put in type and printed by July 14, while the manuscript of an article which he mailed at Dutch Harbor in May, failed to reach us until too late for publication in this number. Owing to the non-arrival of the article when expected, the extracts from the letters were used in its place, but in the September number, the article, which is of great interest, will appear, accompanied by excellent photographs taken in the ice-fields and on the shores of Alaska. Mr. Peter McQueen, the intrepid

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globe-trotter, in the interests of "The National Magazine," who made such a splendid record in Armenia, Cuba, and the Philippines, and from whom an interesting letter appears in this number, cables from South Africa, that for the past few weeks he has been at the front with the British forces, in company with Richard Harding Davis, and has forwarded by mail an article for the September number of "The National Magazine."

To the Members of the National Question Class

THE leader of the National Question Class, Mrs. M. D. Frazar, will sail for Europe in August and not return until late in October. Notice is hereby given that class members will have a vacation till November, when it is hoped that the same interest will be shown in this department of study that has made it so useful and practical a method of work in the past two years. Class members have done admirably, and Mrs. Frazar desires to express her entire satisfaction with the papers, and desires also to thank the class for their cordial endorsement and kindly courtesy.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE

First Prize: Mr. Dakin Judson, Albany, New York.

Second Prize: Mrs. F. L. Richardson, 276 Essex St., Bangor, Me.

Third Prize: Mrs. W. S. Curtis, Colchester, Conn.

Fourth Prize: Mr. S. M. Warns, 1766 E. North Av., Baltimore, Md.

THE sheet music on the piano or in the rack often indicates the attitude of the maidens of the house in affairs of the heart. There is one time in life when the plaintive ballad or fascinating rag-time tune takes full possession. There are some who lament the decadence of musical taste,

in the hold that negro songs have on public fancy at this time. In other days it was called syncopation, now it is merely rag-time. Those affected sit under the spell of jingling refrains, and the dreamy fascinations of Bach, Beethoven and Berloiz are forgotten. The tinkling strains keep ringing in the ears for hours after, no matter how deeply steeped the normal soul may have been in the heaven-born harmonies of Wagner. No wonder the musically condemned "coon" songs appeal to frolicsome young people. These songs have long since gone beyond the stage of the interpretation of negro life. They are idealized, and the rollicking, careless, goodnatured negro character fits best these passing fancies in melody that charm the ear of the lover, and for the moment frees the hearer's heart and fancy from the magician's spell of the wierd music that enthral and feeds the soul.

AN article on rural free mail delivery, by Perry S. Heath, First Assistant Postmaster-General, is republished in this number from the May issue of "The Rural American," a publication owned by The National Magazine Co. Mr. Heath's article, first published by us in May, has attracted wide-spread attention, and has since been taken up with a great deal of interest by a number of leading periodicals. "The Rural American" was the first publication in the United States to take up the subject of rural free mail delivery, and Mr. Heath's article will surely be of interest to the readers of "The National Magazine."

OWING to the fact that nothing has been heard of Henry L. Fobes, staff correspondent of "The National Magazine" since June, it is feared that he has met with some disaster. The

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last letter received from him was dated at Shanghai and contained intimations of the coming trouble, but the swift moving events of later days were not anticipated. The perils and hardships of the correspondent in the field of war can scarcely be realized. Mr. Mac Queen, now in Africa, will leave soon for China. Mr. Fobes sailed from Boston in January and reached China in March.

DURING August "The National Magazine" Paris excursionists will tour in Europe. They sailed on the steamship New England of the Dominion line July 18 from Boston and will visit Paris, London, Brussels, and will take a trip up the Rhine and through the Swiss Alps and then to Holland. The party includes a large number of young men from twelve states who secured over 300 annual subscriptions to "The National Magazine" and have earned the trip with all expenses paid by the magazine. It promises to be an enjoyable outing and one of the party will write an account of the tour to be published in the October number.

THE ode written by Frank Putnam and read at the unveiling ceremony of the Lafayette monument, unveiled at Paris on July 4, 1900, is an epoch making production in the literary world. It rises to the full measure of the great occasion and has attracted admiration in all countries and is indeed a credit to all American literature. Frank Putnam is one of America's brightest living poets, and although a young man, has indeed proved his metal.

It is interesting to know that he and the originator and projector of the enterprise, in having this monument erected, Secretary Robert J. Thompson, were school-boys together, and

the tribute paid to Lafayette and France by American school children was the achievement of a life-purpose. Mr. Putnam's ode has placed him in the front ranks of American living poets, and a sketch of his picturesque career will appear in "The National Magazine" for September. He is one of the strong, productive recruits from the great middle west, who are doing so much toward making American literature what it is to-day. "The National Magazine" also takes special pride in the fact that many of the new authors who have won pronounced prominence in literature within five years past, have published their first magazine productions in this periodical.

THE BOER COLLAPSE

Special to "The National Magazine"

PRETORIA, JUNE 14, 1900

PERHAPS history contains no parallel to the collapse of Burgher resistance. Here is an army which has had no defeat going back before an army that is thoroughly weak and demoralized. The victorious army has lost at least 65,000 men placed *bors de combat*. The defeated army has not lost 1,000 killed. Cronje's surrender, which was really a moral victory, has been a terrible moral defeat. President Steyn told me the burghers (entirely without any cause) lost all heart over this reverse. Steyn, who is perhaps the grandest man in this war, sent word to Cronje to retreat, but the old lion had fought and beaten Englishmen so often he thought he would have another try. The sending of Cronje across the sea made the burghers afraid to be taken prisoners. Their losses aside from that are marvelously small. I asked General Kolbe if the losses at Sand river were heavy. "Yes, very heavy," he replied, "twenty killed and wounded."

The burghers are afraid of the